

DEC 1 - 1917

THE IMPOSSIBILITY OF MR. GEORGE

# The Nation

VOL. XXII., No. 7.]  
Registered as a Newspaper.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 17, 1917.

[PRICE 6D.  
Postage: U.K. 4d.; Abroad 1d.]

## CONTENTS.

	PAGE		PAGE
EVENTS OF THE WEEK	229	Our War Books. By ***	243
POLITICS AND AFFAIRS:—		"The Churches and Peace."	
The Impossibility of Mr.		By The Writer of the	
George	232	Article	243
The Jewish Homeland	233	Hymns in Battle By A. R.	
The "Business" Minister		Watson	243
and Municipal Trams	234	"Man's Life is but Vain."	
RUSSIA'S PERIL. By the Rt.		By J. D. T.	243
Hon. Arthur Henderson,		POETRY:—	
M.P.	236	In Time of War. By W. H.	
A LONDON DIARY. By A		Davies	243
Wayfarer	238	THE WORLD OF BOOKS. By	
LIFE AND LETTERS:—		H. J. M.	244
War-Bondage, 1920	239	REVIEWS:—	
"The Pictures"	241	Lord Morley's Recollections	245
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR:—		Rodó. By Havelock Ellis	246
The True End of the War.		The Testimony of Ambassador Gerard	250
By C. F. Keary	242	THE WEEK IN THE CITY. By	
The Lifting of the Ban. By		Lucellum	252
Oscar Browning	243		

[The Editor will be pleased to consider manuscripts if accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. He accepts no responsibility, however, for manuscripts submitted to him.]

## Events of the Week.

THE momentous announcement of the creation of a Supreme War Council, consisting of two Ministers from each country, advised by a permanent military committee sitting at Versailles, was made from Rome on Saturday. The Military Committee will be an inter-Ally General Staff, which will provide the central intelligence of the Allies, and advise the Council as to the grand strategy of the war. The idea of the Supreme Council is, according to Mr. Lloyd George, to secure "unity of command." That is the talisman which will solve all difficulties. M. Painlevé, more logical and more serious than Mr. George, admits that if ever unity of command is to be achieved, its exercise will require "such an inter-ally General Staff as has been created." The new machinery does not then give unity of command, though it may prepare the way for it. What it does is to replace the British Imperial and General Staff. That is the probable motive of the change. Mr. George's ideas of strategy do not agree with Sir William Robertson's, and he has so arranged matters that in the future it will hardly be necessary to consult the Chief of the Imperial General Staff. What rôle Sir William Robertson now plays is difficult to say. He may be a sort of Quartermaster-General; but Chief of Staff he is not any longer. The working of the new arrangement will be that Mr. Lloyd George will sit with the other members of the Council, and, having decided upon a course of action, will inform Sir William Robertson that it is to be carried out. The terms of the agreement constituting the new machinery cannot change the fact that Mr. Lloyd George assured "real powers" to the Council, and it is difficult to think that the War Cabinet will venture to change its decisions, even if they are reported to it before being launched into action.

OUR Allies saw the difficulty at once, and named

Foch as their representative. The effect of this simply is to assign the French General Staff a wider outlook. It also gives it more power. Foch, the most famous strategist in Europe, is, in fact, the Inter-Ally Staff. How can General Wilson have any chance against Foch's established prestige? The Italian representative has not yet been nominated, but it is hoped that there will be Russian and American representatives also. Something good may come of a closer association of Allied military men, but an Allied Hindenburg is almost unthinkable. We have to bear in mind the friction among the enemy soldiers under Hindenburg's command. That position was based upon the vast superiority of the armies he commanded and put at the disposal of Austria-Hungary. There is no such outstanding superiority among the Allies. Unity of command did not save and could not have saved Italy; and, so far as we can see, the machinery is an elaborate way of getting rid of advisers who fail to follow the strategic flights of Mr. Lloyd George's leisure hours. The Navy is to have no representation. It is not wanted.

THE tone and circumstance of the Prime Minister's speech were unexampled in British war and statesmanship. Never, we suppose, has a revolutionary change in our military and civil government been announced from a foreign capital. And the policy itself was developed in sentences which gravely disparaged the major strategy of the campaign, including his own share in it. He denounced the neglect to send a great expedition to the Balkans in 1915 as an "inconceivable blunder," ignoring the crushing military evidence against that adventure, and coupled with his censure a hit at the policy of hammering with all our might at the "impenetrable barrier" in the West. The Russian and Roumanian failures he also set down to want of unity though they had nothing whatever to do with it. Recurring to the theme later on, he compared Germany's advance by fifty kilometres in Italy, and her capture of 200,000 men, with our advances of a single kilometre and our success in "snatching" a "shattered village" and capturing "a few hundreds" of her soldiers. [The captures, by the way, run into scores of thousands.] All these disasters he attributed to want of "real unity" in command. We are not allowed to hear what France thought of this extravaganza. British opinion was hostile almost to a man.

MR. GEORGE's speech has not crushed Germany. But it helped to bring down the French Cabinet. On Tuesday the Chamber, which exacts fuller and prompter explanations from Ministers than our own House of Commons, and insists on discussing their statements, raised the whole question of the Inter-Ally War Council. M. Painlevé spoke at length, and announced that the British front in France will be extended, and also that an agreement had been reached, constituting Britain and France a single country for purposes of food supply and necessary imports. His definition of the permanent Inter-Ally General Staff fails to make clear in what respect it is an advance on the consultations hitherto held between the Cabinets and the Staffs. It is to be a centre of information, and will

collate ideas and suggestions, but will not play the part of a Commander-in-Chief, and will not control operations. M. Millerand, in reply, called for the appointment of an Allied Commander-in-Chief, who will do for our strategy what Hindenburg does for that of our enemies. This idea met with a good deal of support, but the Socialists seem to be opposed to it. M. Abel Ferry raised the question of confidence by asking the Chamber to declare that the present Government was unworthy to represent France on the Allied Council—the new organization was, he said, a mere secretariat; what was wanted was the complete fusion of the two armies in France. The vote gave the Government 250 against 192, with about 70 abstentions.

\* \* \*

SUCH a vote has usually meant the fall of a French Ministry, under war conditions. The debate went on, however, and ended, for the first time since the war, in a direct defeat. A number of interpellations were on the order paper dealing with the various charges made against deputies during the Bolo-hunt, which, with half-a-dozen subsidiary chases, is still actively in progress. M. Painlevé asked that they should all be postponed till the end of the month, and complained, in a tone which may have irritated the Chamber, of having to come before it continually to defend his administration. The proposal to postpone the interpellations (which was, of course, a question of confidence) was then defeated by 277 votes to 186, with fifty abstentions. Thereupon the Ministry resigned. The opposition was a composite one, and included, with most of the Socialists and the Radicals who follow M. Caillaux, a number of deputies of the Extreme Right. The moral seems to be that the attempt to govern without the Socialists has failed. The Caillaux party is strong, but not strong enough to secure a majority. M. Clemenceau (who has written somewhat caustically about Mr. George) is spoken of as a possible Premier. This veteran and brilliant man is a *jusqu'au-boutiste* in his war policy, and would probably make unrelenting war upon M. Caillaux and the Socialist Left. His nomination might therefore break the *union sacrée*. Other suggestions are less original, and if M. Briand or M. Viviani were chosen, the movement would be decidedly to the Left. The Bolo-hunt has split French politics. If it was clever of some German Machiavelli to buy Bolo, the cleverest stroke of all, from the enemy's standpoint, would have been to inspire the search for more Bolos. Oddly enough, however, it was not, so far as we know, the enemy who did that. The Allied Press played his game for him. It has not even the excuse of being paid for its work.

\* \* \*

THE Maximalist second Revolution has gone on, so far as Western Europe is concerned, behind a curtain of darkness. During most of the week the Leninites controlled the wireless station: they lost it apparently for a day, and then regained it. It would be a hopeless task to attempt to put together a connected narrative out of the flamboyant revolutionary proclamations and the contradictory rumors from Stockholm and Finland which have reached us. Although it was generally known that a rising was imminent, it found the Provisional Government unprepared. The *coup d'état* was managed effectively enough. The Fleet, which has been Leninite from the first, supplied the chief striking force; gunboats and armored cars bombarded the Ministries, and the famous "Red Guard," composed chiefly of the Socialist workmen from the suburbs across the river, made use of the arms which had been served out to it to oppose Korniloff. The Petrograd Soviet, which became almost solidly Maximalist after the Korniloff affair, seems to have backed Lenin's stroke, and its action no doubt explains why the masses of the capital, and most of the garrison, turned against Kerensky's Government. After the first success of the rising, the only loyal Governmental forces left in the capital were the cadet battalions, composed of officers in training. They fought stubbornly, but were reduced by artillery, and their lives were with difficulty spared when the Red Guard took the survivors prisoners. A Government seems to have been formed, with Lenin as Premier and Trotsky as Foreign Secretary.

WHAT happened outside Petrograd is not yet known, and even about Moscow the news is contradictory. Kerensky escaped from the capital, and is said to have formed a triumvirate with General Korniloff (whose trial is not yet over) and General Kaledin, the Hetman of the Cossacks. The former is acting as dictator in Moscow, and the latter in the South. Kerensky's troops approached Petrograd from Tsarskoe-Selo, tried to parley, and then fought some engagements, which were not immediately decisive. The latest rumors report the complete success of Kerensky and his entry into the capital, but until he controls the telegraph these tidings must be received with reserve. There seems to be no doubt that in the outbreak of the revolution the masses and the garrison of Petrograd and, to a less extent, of Moscow, were Leninite, but it does not follow that they were morally prepared for civil war. The consequences of the struggle, even if it ends promptly, may be serious for the democratic cause in Russia. It has forced Kerensky into association with Korniloff and Kaledin, and has discredited the Moderate Socialists like Tcheidze and Tseretelli, who are opposed to Lenin, but do not want to rely on Cossacks. The resort to violence was inexcusable, even if Kerensky had lost the confidence of the masses, for the elections to the Constituent Assembly were due to take place before the end of the month.

\* \* \*

THERE is no mystery about the real cause of the rising. Its pretext was the plea that Kerensky's Provisional Parliament was "packed," and its occasion a dispute over the control of the troops between the General Staff and the Petrograd Soviet. The broad fact was that a great part of Russia, in Kerensky's own words, is "worn-out," and demands peace and bread. The Leninites had predicted from the first that a semi-Socialist, semi-Liberal Government would fail to influence the Western Allies, and would fail to obtain from them any repudiation of Imperialism. That prediction has been fulfilled. The real cause of the Leninite rising was the Western veto on the Stockholm Conference and the postponement of the Allied Conference on War-Aims which Russia proposed last May. It is not yet proved that the Leninites aim at a separate peace. They have said again and again that they would not deal with the enemy Kaisers, but would appeal directly to all the democracies. Even if they would have been willing themselves to treat with Berlin, the extreme reserve of the German Press, which was far from welcoming the second Revolution, suggests a doubt whether Berlin would have treated a Lenin-Trotsky Government as one capable of concluding a treaty. The probable results of a Leninite success would have been (1) an informal or formal armistice at the front, and (2) the dissolution of what was once the Russian Empire. The problem remains unsolved. "Peace and Bread" will probably be the programme of any Russian Government, and in that case the practical elimination of Russia from the Alliance will be the penalty for our lack of sympathy and statesmanship.

\* \* \*

THE Italian retreat has slowed down very considerably; but it is not yet at an end. At the close of last week our Allies were falling back from the Livenza, which was obviously only a temporary halting place. But they have not yet fallen back from the Piave, though it is obvious that the positions upon which they stand can only follow the Piave for part of its course. General Conrad von Hötzendorf, the former chief of the Austro-Hungarian Staff, is in command of a movement which has been the ambition of his life. He has been attempting to debouch from the Trentino in order to take the Italian front in the rear and destroy the whole Italian defensive. He captured the town of Asiago, famous for the stubborn fighting last year, on Saturday; but in attempting to advance eastwards met with a severe check. He brought up reinforcements promptly, and on Tuesday captured Feltre and Primolano. On the left of von Hötzendorf is the army of Field Marshal Krobatin, on whose left General Borojevic links up with General von



Below on the coastal sector. The four armies have moved forward with the greatest skill, and the swiftness of their march accounts for the capture of Italian troops near Belluno.

\* \* \*

If the Piave is to be held at all—and unless Venice is to be abandoned the lower course of the river must be held—the final line of the Italians will curve very slightly south of east from Asiago to Susegana. So far as topography goes this might furnish a series of good positions, imposing the necessity of frontal attack upon the enemy. It is true that von Below's troops have crossed the Lower Piave at two points and maintained themselves across the river; yet the enemy advantage in the possession of this bridge-head need not be over-emphasized. But the Austro-Germans are hardly fifteen miles from Venice, and that is a melancholy thought. Further west, where the line faces the valleys of the Trentino, the positions were held last year, and should be held now. Val Sugana, which carries the Brenta stream, similarly was blocked before when the Austrians struck towards Verona. On the whole, the position is more favorable than it has been since the enemy broke through. General Diaz, the new Commander-in-Chief, has had much experience, and since his taking over the command the Italians have obviously fought more stubbornly and coherently.

\* \* \*

GENERALS ALLENBY and MAUDE are making history in the east. General Maude seems at each blow to secure the advantages of surprise. On November 2nd he moved out from Dur, and after a sharp fight occupied Tekrit, which lies about half-way between Baghdad and Mosul. This brilliant little success, however, is completely overshadowed by the advance of General Allenby in Palestine, which it is designed to assist. After the capture of Gaza, the British marched swiftly along the coast to Wadi el Hei. On this river course strong defensive positions had been made; but the troops crossed it at the coast, and turned the trenches in the centre. The right wing meanwhile marched towards Hebron. By Saturday Askalon was occupied, and eighty guns and 1,100 prisoners had been taken. On this day the Turkish rear-guards were found upon the northern branch of the Wadi Sukereir. The British left had now reached Ashdod, but the right was drawn back towards the south-east. By Tuesday the left was only eight miles south of Jaffa, and the left centre had reached the junction of the Beersheba-Damascus Railway. General Allenby by his brilliant success had carried his troops to within twenty miles of Jerusalem. Such an achievement speaks for itself, but it need not be taken as meaning that the British will capture Jerusalem without stern fighting.

\* \* \*

ON Saturday morning the British and Canadian troops delivered a local attack on a front of about one mile astride the Passchendaele-Westroesebeke road. The Canadians attained their objectives along the main ridge early in the morning. The British also reached their objectives on the western shoulder of the main ridge; but later in the morning they had to meet a heavy counter-attack, and were compelled to relinquish part of the ground they had taken. The struggle in this battle seems to have been more bitter and more bloody than that for Passchendaele. The British suffered from an extraordinary concentration of German artillery, and the casualties could hardly fail to be heavy. After the battle the German guns devoted themselves to making the northern end of the ridge untenable. On Tuesday afternoon the counter-attack which had been expected towards Passchendaele was delivered; but it was completely repulsed.

\* \* \*

SIR ARTHUR YAPP's new scale of rations, announced last Monday, goes a good deal further than Lord Devonport's scale of last winter. Instead of a 4 lb. all round ration of bread we have six grades, varying from 8 lb. for males in "heavy industrial" work to 3½ lb. for women "unoccupied or on sedentary work." To the bread, meat, and sugar, to which Lord Devonport confined him-

self, Sir Arthur Yapp adds (1) all cereals other than bread, (2) butter, and other oils and fats. For children no scale is appointed. They are to have "reasonable" rations. The new scheme is, of course, riddled with difficulties. How to distinguish "heavy" from "ordinary" work, how to operate the substitution of other cereals and meats for bread, what is a "reasonable" ration for a child, and what is a child, and is a working lad of fifteen years to have the same ration as a young child—such are a few of the more obvious difficulties. Again, this purely "voluntary" scheme not only overlaps, but cuts across the practical compulsion exercised by grocers and provision dealers for butter and sugar. The working of the sugar-card does not give much confidence that the further rationing by grocers which Sir Arthur Yapp contemplates will prove satisfactory. It virtually "ties" a family to a single grocer, often for all the commodities there sold, and the most conscientious grocer will find it impossible to do justice to the exemption clause for children.

\* \* \*

THERE seems to be no single intelligible principle or policy in the extended rationing. Is it really to be voluntary, and if so, is the Government going to take adequate means to secure to voluntary rationers the maximum supply to which they are entitled? Great numbers of persons are at present able to get very little sugar, butter, margarine, tea, eggs, and milk. This is the more serious, because these are staples, and it is the industrial class which has most difficulty in obtaining them. Is there any plan to rectify the gross failure of equality of distribution which is taking place? Lord Rhondda, we observe, forebodes the early necessity of compulsory rationing. This will certainly be necessary, if loose voluntarism fails. Whether it succeeds depends really upon the degree of scarcity of supplies. For the organization of a League of National Safety with pledged self-rationers will not go far. The experiment is not new. A year and a-half ago a great effort was made. But it came to next to nothing. The great majority of people will not weigh their food, will not admit they overeat, and will take what they want if they can buy it. Appeals which brought virtually no reduction in consumption of bread or meat this year will not be much more efficacious next year. But will compulsory rationing prove more satisfactory? If Germany has failed so signally, shall we succeed in working the elaborate machinery which compulsion demands? The growing irritation against the Government is largely due to the failure of larger masses of our workers to get access to supplies which are known to be easily procurable by well-to-do families. Sir Arthur Yapp has a very dangerous job before him.

\* \* \*

A MEETING was held last Tuesday at the Mansion House to inaugurate a society called "Comrades of the Great War." The Lord Mayor presided, and a number of lords and other wealthy or distinguished people were present. But among them, though belonging to a different class, were a few soldiers, discharged for wounds or sickness. They were soldiers such as General Smuts described in a letter read to the meeting—"the gallant men who have fought and bled to preserve the liberties and institutions which we prize." They objected to the new society. Apparently, they regarded it as a Government attempt to supplant their own National Federation of Discharged Soldiers, which has already done so much for justice. They interjected various remarks while Lord Beresford was speaking. The Lord Mayor ordered the police to turn them out. They were turned out, amid cries of "Bolo!" from the distinguished audience. Then the Lord Mayor said: "This just shows the appalling manner in which German money can even find its way into this country." What right had the Lord Mayor to insult discharged soldiers thus? What evidence had he? What service to the country has he done to compare with the service of these men? What have been his sufferings in comparison with theirs? He is chiefly known as the host at the recent Guildhall Banquet. And what was the Guildhall Banquet? An insult flung in the face of an anxious, desolated, and rationed people.

## Politics and Affairs.

### THE IMPOSSIBILITY OF MR. GEORGE.

WE hope that the country's extreme perturbation at what the Prime Minister has this week said and done at Paris will serve as a guide to the still more vital consideration of what he *is*. If he be the right man to conduct a great enterprise let him be retained, and let his defects of speech and judgment, appalling as they are, be repaired and fortified, as far as may be, by his more refined and instructed colleagues. But if he be the wrong one, let the Empire and the Alliance be speedily quit of him. A great general he cannot be. A great intellect he obviously is not. But since a great character can pull the nation through, and since the history of man is built on the foundation of belief in his best and surest, Mr. George can be forgiven everything if in himself he be adjudged worthy to fill the supreme Place of Trust. He has tried the people hard. He has done violence to their Constitution. He has administered a knock-down blow to their confidence in military plans and personalities. He has committed the grave fault in war of discouraging his friends and encouraging the enemy. All this can be alleged against the Paris speech. But if we felt that this drastic catharsis had been administered by a true physician of souls, we should still say—Let him go on.

It is no longer possible to cite that saving clause of statesmanship in Mr. George's favor. And for one simple reason. Great undertakings depend in the last resort on the capacity of those who direct them to secure good service, and to reward it. If in critical hours service is discarded, discouraged, disappointed, disillusioned; if the servants can never be certain whether they retain their chief's confidence, or whether others are to be put over their heads; if they see plans varying lightly with each change in the political or the military weather; if everyone is blamed but the man at the top, who gathers the flowers of success into his own lap and discards the failures as weeds that others have sown—the roots of success are destroyed. Mr. George has contributed nothing to the idealism of the war nor the statesmanship of the peace. His government of England is a chaos. But his strategy is much the most alarming thing about him, if only because it assumes the worst of all fallacies, moral and political, that a man may be a complete failure in his own business and a master of other peoples'. Let us examine it.

Since the first days of the Italian defeat the British Press has been deluged with essays upon strategy. Until a few days ago, "the larger view," or "Easternism" were the two favorites. Now a new competitor has emerged. "Unity of command" is the selection of Mr. Lloyd George. In his speech at Paris on Monday he told us that unless a change were made to his conception of the war, he "could no longer remain responsible for a war direction doomed to disaster." Hence a Supreme Council of the Allies is to be set up. So far so good. A large measure of unity in the military plans of an Alliance whose elements are scattered all over the world is obviously essential. But all depends on definition. And the powers of Mr. George's Council are so loosely defined that they may embrace almost anything which directly or indirectly concerns the war.

Now it is obvious that *unanimity* of command would give the Allies redoubled strength, and that if it were built upon unanimity of political aim that strength would be irresistible. But unity of command, however desirable in itself, is an expedient full of dangers, military and political. In fact, it is not a unification at

all. Mr. George provides the country with two sets of military advisers—one sitting at Versailles, the other in London. Sir William Robertson is the head of the Imperial Staff. Is this Supreme Council and Sir Henry Wilson, its British executant, placed over him or under him? "Over him and over the War Cabinet," was the obvious meaning of Mr. Lloyd George's speeches in Paris. "Under him and it," says Mr. Law. But the twenty-three have come down to five, and now the five are reduced to one or two—the Premier and another Minister. These two, acting upon the advice of a new Triumvirate, sitting in a foreign land, will have "real powers" to decide. The "Temps" and Mr. Law suggest that the Council is an advisory body to report upon the suggested plans, and nominally Mr. George adopts this view. But it seems to us that when Mr. Lloyd George reports to his War Cabinet, he will merely be reporting accomplished facts. He wishes the Supreme Council to decide on operations. *It should impose limits on one army, he said in the "Matin," and give timely support to another.* It may decide, for instance, on Mr. George's plans of an offensive directed towards Vienna. In such a case Sir William Robertson will have to provide the forces, and since their provision may mean the withholding of reinforcements from General Maude in Mesopotamia, the Supreme Council will, in effect, be *supreme*, and Sir William Robertson may have less influence upon the decisions than the executive command in the West. In other words, Sir Douglas Haig and Sir William Robertson will have exactly what influence Mr. Lloyd George wishes them to have. The French naturally nominated their Chief of Staff, General Foch, as their military delegate. The Italians named General Cadorna. But Mr. Lloyd George chose Sir Henry Wilson as the man who will in future supply the dominant British voice in Allied strategy. Now, we are merely stating facts when we suggest that until some good friend of Sir Henry Wilson wrote a fervent little sketch of him, few people had ever heard of him. Most of his experience on the Western front was gained in Staff appointments. Whereas some men have risen from subalterns to brigadiers, Sir Henry's promotion took him no higher than the command of a corps. Though he has seen little fighting, he is represented as a brilliant soldier. He may be a very Napoleon for all we know, but there is no evidence to show it, and it is a new thing in our history for a General to be invested with supreme responsibility for a gigantic enterprise without possessing the confidence of the soldiers and the nation, or having visibly done anything to earn it.

The appointment seems the more hazardous when we survey Mr. Lloyd George's essay on strategy. Mr. George's views of strategy, says the "Times," "are often superficial, unsound, incompatible with practical conditions." The short proof of this indictment is in the Paris speech. Mr. George's thesis is that all our failures have been due to the absence of unity in the war direction of the Allied countries. Indeed! In what way was the Russian position due to this cause? And if want of unity is responsible for our failures, to what cause must our successes be due? The Germans, presumably, have unity of command. But that did not prevent the over-running of Galicia, did not prevent General Brussiloff from breaking the Austrian line last year, or from repeating the operation four months ago. It did not save Gaza nor even Baghdad. How then can unity of command be the universal specific Mr. Lloyd George would have us believe? But we get a glimpse of what he really means by unity of command when we read that if we had it "we should have been engaged in Italy not in



averting disaster from our Allies, but in inflicting disaster upon our enemies"; in other words, that we should have been on the road to Laibach and Vienna. What does he imagine the Germans would be doing while this adventure was in progress? Has the strategy which favors this solution remembered that the Austrians alone were able last year to penetrate to within twenty miles of the communications with the Isonzo front? Eight months ago the statesman who recommends it on the infallible inspiration of an American journalist was for placing the British Army under Nivelle. Fortunately, his own countrymen retired that General, after a tragically unsuccessful effort to break what Mr. George now describes as the "impenetrable barrier in the West." Is that a proper description of our warfare in the West? In one sentence Mr. George writes down as vain the efforts and sacrifices of millions of men. The decisions of the Staff, the preferences of General Haig, the approval of the French Staff, all from the beginning were unsound. The barrier was "impenetrable." Clearly, if we are to take this depreciation at its face value, either Mr. Lloyd George or Sir Douglas Haig and Sir William Robertson must go. If the soldiers are right, Mr. Lloyd George has torn every laurel from their brows. If he is right, they are condemned beyond redemption.

But at what point does his personal responsibility come in? He suggests that when the military power of Russia collapsed, in March, we should have effected a complete change in our strategy. But we failed to do anything of the kind, and the plans proceeded exactly as if nothing had occurred in Russia. Why? Because the Allies' plans were essentially independent of each other, and not part of a strategic whole. We believe that to be a crudely erroneous and amateurish view, and we are confident that the German Staff will not endorse it for a moment. But the point is that here we have Mr. Lloyd George confessing that he was party to what he regarded as a scheme of useless slaughter. The soldiers, as everyone knows, were persuaded that they could deal the heaviest blow against Germany, with the least expenditure of our resources, in Flanders. Anyone who held the opinion which Mr. Lloyd George now avows that he held ought to have taken the obvious course of a Prime Minister responsible for final decisions in war who finds himself committed to a line that he knows to be disastrous. He should have altered them and changed his generals, or resigned. But it is neither sensible nor honorable to hark back to them after the event, and discover a complete explanation of failure in the non-adoption of his plans. Mr. Lloyd George's ideas might have led to success or to irretrievable disaster. But he agreed to their supersession. It is intolerable that he should now lay the ill-happenings in Italy to the charge of a strategy which he endorsed for nearly a twelvemonth of supreme power. No cause can prosper under such guidance. And no country can be proud of such a son.

### THE JEWISH HOMELAND.

MR. BALFOUR's letter to Lord Rothschild has given to General Allenby's forward march in Palestine a romantic political significance. Some movements of the armies on both sides in this war are military operations and nothing more. When the Germans entered Champagne and the Austrians returned to Venetia, we were witnessing two of the most formidable strokes of armed force in the course of this war, but no one outside the maddest inner ring of the Pan-German professional corps imagined that they could have a lasting effect. The

French and Italian nations are indestructible, and the invaded lands are stamped for ever with their personality. It is otherwise when the enemy enters Poland or Macedonia. There was nothing morally or politically inevitable in the Russian or Serbian tenure of these two regions. The same thing is true of our own advances in Palestine or Mesopotamia. We may elect, when the day of settlement comes, to throw these successes of ours into the common stock, and to treat them as assets which must be set against some of the achievements of the enemy. We may, on the other hand, insist on withholding them for ever from the rule of the Ottoman Empire. We may apply to them one form or another of international regulation. One thing, however, has been clear from the moment that our troops set foot on the soil of these territories: so far is there from being any moral or political obligation to restore them to Turkey, that the weight of disinterested civilized opinion makes against the perpetuation of a *status quo* which had in its favor no sentiment of nationality and no argument of efficiency. If the settlement allows us the luxury of doing what seems to us good, there are few Englishmen and few neutrals or Allies who will wish to see a vestige of Turkish authority retained in these regions.

Mr. Balfour's declaration translates into a binding statement of policy the general wish of British public opinion. It emphatically favors "the establishment in Palestine of a national home for the Jewish people." If we were to analyze that sentiment we should find at its core the simple and humane instinct of reparation. Our own record towards the Jewish race is, from Cromwell's day downwards, one of relative enlightenment; but it is on the conscience of all Christendom that the burden falls of the secular persecution which this enduring race has suffered. One of our solidest reasons for welcoming the Russian Revolution was that it had freed the whole Alliance from complicity in the sins of one of its chief partners towards the Jews. To end this record by restoring the dispersed and downtrodden race to its own cradle is a war-aim which lifts the struggle in this region above the sordid level of Imperial competition. We do not suppose that in the return of even large numbers of Jewish settlers to the Holy land there lies a solution of the Jewish problems of Europe. The mass of the race is likely to remain in Western Russia, in Poland, and in Roumania, and for one colonist who goes to till the soil in Palestine with hard work, a strange environment, and an idealist enthusiasm as his portion, ten will prefer the prospect of fortune in American cities. The gain to the Jews from the recovery of a "national home" is something subtler than the solution of the general problem of residence and emigration. Palestine will be to the whole dispersed race a centre of culture, a focus and symbol of its national life, a corner of the earth in which a civilization may be built up on Jewish principles by Jewish hands, free from the overshadowing influence of alien institutions. The agricultural colonies, which have thriven marvellously, thanks to the tenacity and scientific intelligence of their leaders, have already recovered the vernacular use of Hebrew as the language actually spoken in the home. A Jewish society, which shapes itself in this atmosphere ought to attain the moral and intellectual leadership of the race, and give to its persistent and original character a freer and more natural expression than it can find in any foreign environment. Palestine may be again the temple, the university, and the ancestral treasure of the Jews, but it can hardly be a home for more than a fraction of the race. We are glad that Mr. Balfour has, even at this early stage, stipulated that their acquisition of Palestine must not "prejudice the rights and political status enjoyed by

Jews in any other country." It would be a disaster to them and a shame to civilization if their recovery of Zion were to be used as a pretext to diminish the equal citizens' rights of the majority which must perforce remain in Europe.

The phrasing of Mr. Balfour's declaration of policy leaves much for future decision. The prospect of the settlement is uncertain, the immediate outlook is clouded, and he has wisely refrained from any form of pledge that would compel us to persist at all costs in this object. His Majesty's Government will "use its best endeavors," is a phrase which means much when public opinion is wholly favorable, as it is, to the object in question. The exact form of our aspiration is left wisely vague. "National home" is not a recognized term in diplomacy, and it admits of several interpretations. The root fact of the situation is that the Jews are as yet a small minority of the population of Palestine. It follows that the rights of the Moslem and Christian inhabitants must be scrupulously respected, and that the first step is to encourage the immigration of Jewish colonists. The real obstacle to their settlement is the miserable Turkish administration. The existing Zionist colonies have enjoyed considerable local autonomy, but they must arrange their own police system, construct their own roads, and cope with all the hygienic and social difficulties of a slovenly Oriental society. In one way or another, a civilized administration must be set up. It seems premature to talk of a Jewish State until the Jews have become the leading element of the population. Suggestions range from proposals for the creation of a British Crown Colony, through various forms of internationalism, down to the modest suggestion of some special autonomous *régime* within the Ottoman Empire.

We are not prepared to make specific proposals of our own at this critical and uncertain phase of the war, but we strongly deprecate any dalliance with the first suggestion. At a moment when an Italian province has been added to the European lands which must be redeemed at the settlement, it would be madness to burden the account with a needless territorial claim of our own. Frenchmen, Italians, Serbians, and Russians, counting their own unredeemed provinces, would judge severely, but justly, any disposition to use our own local successes in the East to aggrandize the British Empire. The balance against us is too heavy for the indulgence of ambitions of that sort. Were it otherwise, we should still urge that the nation which went into this war with clean hands must come out of it with empty hands. France and Italy, to say nothing of other European peoples, could be reconciled to British pretensions in Palestine only if they were to obtain what they desire in Syria and Asia Minor. That means the partition of Turkey, and the degradation of a struggle for European liberty into an Imperialistic scramble. The strategical arguments which are sometimes advanced to excuse a claim to Palestine miss the whole meaning of our efforts in this war. If security is to be sought in the future by the balance of power, the drawing of impregnable frontiers, and the seizure of naval bases and vital straits, we shall not advance beyond the old armed peace. Disarmament and the League of Nations must be our formula of security. To go beyond these methods is to sow distrust in them, and to render them fruitless from the start. We can oppose the enemy's claim to material guarantees of security, only by insisting that security henceforward shall depend, for all of us, on the renunciation of armaments and the conclusion of a mutual pledge.

It follows that in the period of transition, before it can become a Jewish State, the "national home" of the Jews in Palestine must depend on an international

guarantee. We agree with the able organ of the British Palestine Committee in disliking any form of condominium. The tradition of national egoism is still so strong that if two or three Powers were to agree to put the administration of Palestine into the hands of a commission composed of average diplomatists, the result would probably be that each would play for his own hand and the country would stagnate, until eventually one Power bought the others out. We should prefer to see some much less conventional experiment in internationalism. The actual administration might be confided to a governor appointed for a term of years by the whole League of Nations, who should be himself an eminent Jew—a man like the American Judge Brandeis, for example, with an advisory council to assist him drawn from the Jewish, Christian, and Moslem communities of Palestine itself. The whole League might bear the initial financial costs and guarantee the defence of the territory. There is no reason why Germany, which has her own Zionist Jews, should be excluded from a share in the control, nor need the Turks be antagonized. We should prefer to abolish the sovereignty of the Sultan, but that condition would manifestly have to depend on the general balance of the settlement. At the end of this war the Turks may have to think much more seriously about their financial future than about the retention of territory which has no Turkish population. It is an interesting fact that in recent months, as the idea of a Jewish Palestine made progress in the British press, friendly articles, which bore marks of official inspiration, began to appear in the German press. They all assumed that the Sultan would remain the Sovereign of Palestine, but they all suggested that in deference to the cosmopolitan influence of the Jewish race, German diplomacy would be wise to favor Zionist aspirations. If this means that Germany will not in principle oppose the ideal of a Jewish "national home," its prospects are the brighter. The events of recent weeks may do something to restore our Never-Endians to sanity. We have on our hands a lengthening list of objects which admit of no compromise. The restoration of all the occupied territory from Belgium to Venetia is a heavy preliminary demand, and in the East, with an anarchic, war-weary, and starving Russia, there is no reasonable prospect that at the settlement the lost territories will be physically in our possession. Our bargaining power, even when we allow for the real, weighty, and formidable threat of an economic boycott, is not unlimited. If we hope for the satisfaction of such aspirations as this of a Jewish Palestine, we must approach them with an international mind. They must be solved for the common good. They must be marred by no attempt to secure some side-wind of advantage, or even of credit for ourselves. Where, as in Turkey or Africa, we have won distinct local successes, our gains must be thrown into the common stock. The problem which transcends all others in this war is to create a working international organization. That implies the repudiation on both sides of egoistic aims, and the acceptance by both sides of the idea of co-operation in the world's work.

#### THE "BUSINESS MINISTER" AND MUNICIPAL TRAMS.

Our wars with France in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries were marked by the wholesale enclosure of the public commons. Is our war with Germany in the twentieth century to be used for the seizure of public utility services by the great capitalist com-



bines which lie ever in wait for them? By 4,700 Inclosure Acts between 5,000,000 and 7,000,000 acres of public property was handed over to private owners; but the opportunities of plunder in regard to bulk electricity, tramways, and other municipal undertakings, are more valuable still. Just as in the former case the excuse was given that it was necessary to increase the amount of corn grown in the country, so we are now told by inspired paragraphs that the Tramway Central Committee, which is to control the L.C.C. trams and other municipal undertakings, is to provide for the "workers' interests first." We shall see, examining so much of this scheme as has come to light, that the interest of the "workers" will be the first to suffer, especially in London.

First, we must draw attention to the unsatisfactory manner in which these proposals are made. They are the result of no public demand. They invite no public discussion. The workers are never consulted, but everything is conducted underground by a bureaucracy which uses the war as the excuse for everything. Until the "Daily News" announced last week that it was proposed to put the control of the L.C.C. trams in the hands of a Committee, presided over by an official of the Speyer Traffic Combine, nothing at all was known of the scheme. Then a string of incomplete and inconsistent apologies, excuses, and explanations began to ooze into the Press. Some of these inspired paragraphs sought to persuade the public into believing that nothing was intended but a central buying organization to enable tramway undertakings to obtain supplies of steel rails and other materials. Others disclosed that it was intended to prevent tramway fitters and other mechanics from leaving their employment; and yet others that it was intended to raise fares—which of course is the real "nigger in the woodpile," to use an Americanism. The "Daily Mail," which from its long connection with the campaign against municipal tramways in London would naturally be the favored recipient of the confidences of the Traffic Combine, made this disclosure:—

"Mr. James Devonshire, managing director of the London United, Metropolitan, and South Metropolitan Electric Tramways, has been appointed by the Board of Trade to take charge of proposals for the unification of the tramway systems of the country and to act as Tramways Controller for the allotment of men and materials to them."

The gravity of this news is seen when we recall that last December Mr. George selected as President of the Board of Trade Sir Albert Stanley, the managing director of the Traffic Combine, of whose tramway branches Mr. Jas. Devonshire is the managing director. Obviously Sir Albert Stanley, the Minister specially charged with the decision of questions relating to municipal electricity, municipal tramways, and municipal enterprise generally, is in a delicate position. With this fact in view, let us examine the official note issued by the Board of Trade. It is there stated that "it is not intended that the control of tramway undertakings should be interfered with by the Committee"—this in the face of the statement by a Board of Trade official to a news agency only three days before that some sort of Government control of tramway undertakings was being considered, and that a "pooling of interests" was probable. It may be that the great provincial municipalities have refused to have their trams handed over to the "control" of one of Sir Albert Stanley's late colleagues in the Traffic Combine, and that they refuse to regard the administration of the London United Tramways as an example for municipal traffic undertakings. But it is quite clear that there is a movement going on for getting control of the tramways just as there is a scheme now being considered by the Board of Trade for handing over the whole supply of

bulk electricity to seven big Trusts, each operating in a "region" in which it is a monopolist.

The dangerous feature of the situation in London is that, if such a scheme develops, the Moderate majority on the L.C.C. are almost bound to play into the hands of Mr. James Devonshire. They always opposed the running of trams by the L.C.C., and they came into office in 1907 with the baseless cry that the trams were really being run at a loss. Their ten years of office have been devoted to making that fiction into a fact. They hung up for several years the work of electrification, they have neglected to join up the "dead-ends," they have constantly favored the privately-owned motor-buses at the expense of the trams, they have loaded up the latter with every possible charge in order to get rid of the profit, and they have steadily refused to ask Parliament to relieve the tramways of statutory burdens which bear unfairly on the municipally-owned industry, as compared with their competitors, the Traffic Combine. By these means they succeeded in showing for the year ending March, 1917, a surplus of only £11,432, but that remained after the following large sums had been paid out of the tramway profits:—

	£
Repayment of Debt ... ..	417,000
War Service Allowances ... ..	110,000
Rates on Track ... ..	64,000
Street Widening Debt ... ..	36,000
	<hr/>
	£627,000

The first is an item which no privately-owned tramway company, like the London United, has to show, and it will result ultimately in handing over 144 miles of tramways, free of debt, to the ratepayers, who have not had to provide a brass farthing for their purchase, electrification, maintenance, or working. The second item represents the war allowances made to the dependents of tramway employees now on active service. In the face of protests of their own party on the Highways Committee, the Moderate majority decided that instead of these allowances being defrayed out of the general rates, as are the allowances to employees of the parks or the Education Department, they should come out of the tramway profits. By this thoroughly dishonest policy they secured two aims. On the one hand they saved the rich ratepayers of the City from contributing to the allowances; and on the other they assisted in reducing the available profits of the tramways. There are still many simple souls who can be gulled by such a device, and every now and then there are alarms in the Moderate Press that the tramways are going to show a "deficit." The Bank of England would show a deficit if its accounts were manipulated in this manner. The local ratepayers receive another £64,000 a year out of the profits on account of the rates paid on the tramway tracks, while it is calculated that they save in normal times another £140,000 a year (not included above), owing to the fact that the tramway undertaking maintains the paving between the rails and 18 in. on each side of them. We have the amazing situation that the trams maintain the track and pay rates for using it, and the motor-buses owned by the Combine use the track and pay nothing.

The last item is the most iniquitous of all. The L.C.C. trams have contributed £733,000 in thirteen years towards the widening of streets which they use in conjunction with other traffic. During the twenty-one years in which the old privately-owned tramways used the streets they contributed just £40,000 to street widenings. The motor-buses to-day use the streets widened out of tramway profits, and contribute not a farthing. In all these cases the L.C.C. Moderates have done nothing to seek relief for the burdens of the tramways; on the contrary, they have always sought to make them heavier in order that they may ultimately show a "deficit" that may humbug the London electors into allowing them to sell or lease this valuable undertaking

to the Traffic Combine. This ultimate object, of course, is denied with indignation and with vehemence, but "actions speak louder than words," and the ten years' administration of the trams by the Moderate majority on the Council is consistent with no other theory. It is a deliberate application of the "freeze out" policy of the less reputable American mining companies, and it has never been relaxed. Even when the Moderates' own representatives on the Highways Committee have been driven to make proposals for improving or extending the tramways they have been rejected or side-tracked by the majority in the full Council.

The favorite scheme hitherto for getting rid of the trams has been to hand them over to a Traffic Board, composed as Mr. Hayes Fisher proposed in December, 1912, when he was Moderate leader at Spring Gardens:

"Men holding their positions for life, not in any way elected, not in any way responsible to these gusts and winds of opinion blowing and flowing at one time and another."

It was a scheme to take away all control of the tramway policy, halfpenny fares, all-night cars, workmen's tickets, &c., from the ratepayers and to hand it over to a bureaucracy in which the traffic branch of the Board of Trade would be omnipotent. We knew enough of the hostility of that traffic branch to the L.C.C. trams to know what the result would be.

While Mr. Asquith was in office the Traffic Board scheme was steadily rejected by him. The outlook is more promising now, because the various tramway undertakings in the country have urged the Government to help them to secure better supplies of steel rails. There can be no objection to a Committee occupied in pooling such supplies, but it is quite clear from the admissions which are leaking into the Ministerial Press that the Board of Trade scheme goes far beyond that. The "unification of the tramway systems of the country" is an ominous phrase, and one object of the new scheme, it is said, is to take up the rails on certain L.C.C. lines, and to lay them down on the private lines controlled by the Combine. We have confined this article to the case of London, because it is in London alone that municipal tramways are seriously threatened from within and without, and it is clear to us that unless the ratepayers and the travelling public of the Metropolis awake very speedily they will find that their tramways have gone the way of the common lands.

#### RUSSIA'S PERIL.

CHANGES are following each other with such rapidity that it is difficult to ascertain with any degree of certainty the exact condition of affairs in Russia, and especially in Petrograd. For several months since the Revolution, the capital has been the great storm-centre, without reflecting to any considerable extent the mind of the 200 millions of people who inhabit the 8½ million square miles of country. However true it may be to say that Russia, the land of surprises, may speedily recover from its present turbulent state, the existing situation with its alarming symptoms is sufficiently grave to menace the magnificent work of the Revolution, and even to imperil the future of world democracy. A situation so fraught with dangers ought to appeal to all the British people, and particularly to those who are concerned to secure such an ending to the war as will make the world safe for democracy.

In order to arrive at a correct appreciation of the position and to view it in its proper perspective, it is important that we should understand something of the factors which have exercised a disturbing influence in the internal life of the Russian people since the Revolution, and endeavor to realize to what extent external influences and policy have contributed to the creation of the present unfortunate *impasse*.

The Revolution was something more than a change in the political structure of Russia. It was an irresistible movement of events affecting their outlook in the internal

life of their country, and, what is even more important, giving them a new and profound interest in the wider realm of international affairs. The Russian people realized that their liberation from the thralldom of Tsarism was the most inspiring event that had happened during the war, and they determined that it should possess more than a national significance. Having won their own freedom, their minds envisaged complete international freedom, and they were desirous that the spirit of the Russian Revolution should spread beyond their own borders and help to secure the deliverance of all peoples who were oppressed by reaction under whatever form it was manifested. In seeking to give effect to this very laudable desire they undoubtedly made serious blunders, but the mistakes of a new democracy ought not to be the cause of either surprise or resentment on the part of peoples who had already won and consolidated their own freedom.

But this aspect of the case would seem to have been entirely overlooked by some of the more violent critics of the Russia of to-day. Moreover, one would have thought that Russia's memorable services to the Allied cause during the first two years of the war would have inspired a more sympathetic and generous attitude on the part of Great Britain, notwithstanding the present disappointing and perplexing internal situation. Who does not recall with feelings of admiration and gratitude the heroic sacrifices, the unflinching courage, the untiring efforts, and the dogged tenacity of the Russian soldiers who, in spite of the criminal neglect and cynical treason of their corrupt rulers, withstood the fierce onslaughts of a powerful enemy, highly organized, well equipped, and abundantly supplied? How could we do other than wonder at the amazing patience with which, week after week and month after month, the Russians endured this national outrage rather than suspend by a domestic upheaval their efforts to secure the victory so necessary to their own freedom and the freedom of others.

At last the time came when their patience was exhausted; they found the ruling bureaucracy as incompetent as it was corrupt, and as ready to betray the Allied cause as it had been to betray the Russian soldiers. They were compelled to realize that it was incapable of improvement, and with an overwhelming effort, literally moving as one man, they overthrew once and for all time the tyrannical system which was fast bringing the country every day nearer and nearer to ruin and disgrace.

It would be difficult to find in human experience any far-reaching national change to compare with Russia's successful effort for completeness, unanimity, and orderly control. This was generally recognized at the time, and only the more recent disturbing events have provoked that sweeping and often foolish condemnation of Russia which has been the chief characteristic of much of the recent public criticism in this country. Of this I am certain, that if the enormous difficulties confronting Russia's statesmen had been realized and the heroic efforts they were making to win through to order and control had been properly understood by the British nation, our relations with the Russian people would have been inspired to a much greater extent by a spirit of sympathy and goodwill and a desire to encourage and strengthen them. But because Russia essayed to bring her international relations into strict conformity with those democratic ideals which had inspired the revolution, she received, at first, lectures and then rebukes from sections of the British Press.

Here again we failed adequately to appreciate the great change that was taking place in the national outlook of Russia. The newly won freedom of the Revolution had stimulated in the people an unusual interest in the domain of international relations, and a firm determination to have such relations brought into harmony with the ideals of democracy. They were quick to realize that this was only possible if they made their own aims in the present struggle harmonize with their democratic ideals. They publicly announced that they entertained no aims of conquest, and were determined to be influenced solely by the great principles of the Revolution. They renounced all claims to Constantinople, to which Russia was to be entitled under the secret agree-









ment made with the old *régime*. There is no doubt that this agreement with regard to the disposal of Constantinople had a very disturbing effect on the minds of those men upon whose shoulders the responsibility of government of Russia had fallen. They, and the Russian people with them, were suspicious that the assignment of Constantinople to Russia was an indication that Britain, France, and Italy, to say nothing of the smaller States, had each staked out claims which would have to be satisfied before the Governments of these countries would regard favorably any attempt at a satisfactory settlement of the war other than by the unqualified success of the Allied armies over those of the Central Powers. They demanded from the Allies a restatement of their war aims, and an Inter-Allied Conference was promised. M. Terestchenko, the Foreign Minister, realizing the amount of uneasiness there was in Petrograd, said:—

"If in relation to the aims pursued in this war there appear discrepancies between the views of our own and the Allied Governments, we do not doubt but that the close unity which binds Russia and her Allies will fully guarantee a common agreement on all questions, the basis of those principles proclaimed by the Russian Revolution being observed."

That the Russian Government and the Russian people were led to expect a clarification of the Allied War Aims is a matter beyond all doubt, as the following extracts from the official notes sent by the British and French Governments conclusively show. Great Britain said:—

"The British Government believe that, broadly speaking, the agreements which they have from time to time made with their Allies are conformable to these standards, but if the Russian Government so desire they are quite ready, with their Allies, to examine and, if need be, revise these agreements."

France said:—

"The Russian Government may be assured that the French Government is desirous of coming to an understanding with it not only regarding the means of continuing the struggle, but also regarding those for ending it, by examining and settling a common agreement as to the conditions in which they may hope to reach a final settlement in accordance with the ideas by which their conduct in this war is directed."

That the Russian Government understood that her Allies were ready to meet in Conference to reconsider war aims is also beyond all doubt. The Foreign Minister (M. Terestchenko) said:—

"Remaining steadfastly loyal to the common task of the Allies, the Russian democracy welcomes the decision of those of the Allied Powers who have declared their readiness to meet the wishes of the Provisional Government by subjecting to revision the agreements relating to the ultimate aims of the war."

Terestchenko's words were spoken in June. But the Conference did not take place. More recently the Prime Minister, speaking at the Albert Hall, said:—

"We are on the eve now of the most important Inter-Allied Conference ever held—a military and political conference."

A few days later the Chancellor of the Exchequer threw over the idea that such a conference would consider war-aims. And up to the present day such a conference as the Russians wanted has not been held nor, according to Mr. Bonar Law, is one in prospect of being held.

In view of the widespread uneasiness and fears in Russia regarding the war-aims of the Allies, and the anxiety of the Russian Government to obtain a re-statement of those aims, can it be doubted that the repeated postponement of the Inter-Allied Conference, whatever may have been the cause, and ultimately its transformation from a conference to consider war-aims to a conference to consider the prosecution of the war, must have had a very serious and prejudicial effect upon the position of the Provisional Government? The Russian Government asked for an Inter-Allied Conference; the Russian Soviet asked for an International Conference. As a result of the attitude of the Allied Governments, neither conference has been held, and I have no hesitation in saying that this lack of consideration of the feelings of Russia has assisted in weakening the influence previously possessed by the sane elements in the Soviet,

and provided the Bolshevik extremists with their most powerful weapons. These extremists were fully aware of the fact that the majority of both soldiers and people desired peace, though they were strongly opposed to a separate peace, but they were unable to make much headway with their mischievous propaganda until the Stockholm Conference was officially repudiated by the Allied Governments and the Inter-Allied War-Aims Conference had been unduly postponed. With so many of the people war-weary and threatened by winter and famine, is it surprising that the Maximalists obtained a temporary ascendancy? When a nation is war-weary it is folly on the part of an Ally to lend color to the base lies which its enemies are spreading broadcast, and the cries of "armies of conquest" and "imperialism" levelled against Great Britain have had no little effect in the development of the present disaster in Russia.

All this does not unduly alarm me, for I am hopeful that the position may speedily become more favorable, and that Kerensky, with some form of Socialist Government, may be in a position to govern with greater authority and stricter discipline because of the failure of the representatives of disorder and anarchy. If a serious peril exists, it is not that the people desire any separate peace, but that many of them have doubts as to whether in their Allies they have as comrades-in-arms those who are out for conquest and not for the principles proclaimed at the revolution. If Kerensky succeeds in overcoming the forces of disorder, as I think he will, then definite action should be taken to assure the youngest member of the family of free peoples of our fullest sympathy and support. The long, dark days of winter are with the people, starvation and disappointment may be their experience; we must not accompany these with the gloom of desertion by the British people. In her hour of darkness we have given to Italy, and rightly so, clear and unmistakable evidence of sympathy and support. Leading statesmen and generals have visited the Italian people, and initiated plans and guaranteed assistance in no small measure. This was just as it should be; but if such assistance and support is good and necessary in the case of Italy, should it be otherwise with Russia? Let us remember that in spite of her many mistakes, Russia, as Kerensky has said, has taken upon herself the task of uniting the democracies of all the belligerent countries for the struggle against the Imperialism of the world. The oldest of the world democracies must stand by the youngest, by declaring that the freedom that has been won she must be assisted to hold. If British democracy counts for anything, let it now speak the word to democratic Russia.

ARTHUR HENDERSON.

WE would again urge our readers to place a definite order for THE NATION with their Newsagent, or to send a subscription to the office. On each of the last four weeks THE NATION has been out of print on Monday morning, and many people who have relied on a chance purchase have been disappointed.

## A London Diary.

LONDON, FRIDAY.

SINCE Chamberlain took his plunge into Protection I have known no such perturbation in politics as followed Mr. George's speech in Paris. The manner and occasion of its deliverance; its announcement that the control of the war is to be vested in a new international Camarilla, almost superseding the home Cabal; its lightness and arrogance of tone; the slight to our fighting soldiers, and the disparagement of the mightiest of their efforts; the attempt to plant the Serbian failure on Mr. Asquith; the incoherence of the plan, nominally for one direction really for two; the adumbration of the crazy Laibach idea, struck people all of a heap. It was no surprise to anybody who has been on the track of the Georgian

strategy, and knows how one wild-geese chase has succeeded another in it. The seriousness is that this Minister is in power, and proposes to give himself more power still. I do not believe there are twenty good heads in Britain who believe he is fitted for such a job. And if that adverse judgment could have crystallized in votes in Wednesday night's sitting of the House of Commons the Government would have ceased to exist. Such a vote would not have been given on the merits of the plan. It would have been essentially a vote of "No Confidence" in its author.

It is this scepticism about the Prime Minister's character which will decide his fate. After telling Paris that his plan is everything, and London that it is nothing, it may be cut down to some plausible form of attenuation. But not before its credit is gone, and its author's with it. If the soldiers had resigned, it would have been destroyed instantaneously. As they have consented to stay, its virtual supersession of Sir William Robertson can hardly be maintained. As an operative instrument, the assaults of the "Post" and of Colonel Repington in the "Times," have destroyed it. You cannot have two clearing-houses of military policy, and chop counsels and bandy intelligence between London and Versailles. If Sir William Robertson had been chosen as the British representative, or Sir Henry Wilson had replaced him as Chief of the Imperial Staff, there would at least have been an intelligible organ of direction. Everyone who knows the personalities, and the "movements" that have gone on behind them as shield and counter-shield, knows that this is impossible, even in these days of coalitions. But the trouble lies in the ambition of the politician who thinks in battles without maps, and tries to twist the whole strategy of the war into a fresh mould long after (for good or evil) it has been fixed. The answer of the soldiers is—"We will do our soldiering; do you look to your statesmanship." And that is just where Mr. George has failed.

THE hostile combination is now strong, and it will harden with every hour. It is not surprising that Mr. Asquith has changed his tone: he has been deeply outraged. But he does not stand alone. There are the soldiers and their organs in the Press; there are the Radicals; and there are most of the Service members, with a pretty stiff backing of intelligent Toryism, with its eye on the darkening prospect of the war, and a coldly disapproving view of the handling of it. And outside there is a gathering mass of distrust. The George speeches had their *furor*. It is over. They have an unserious air; they whip up passion, but sooner or later the British nation reverts to thinking. What is the end to be? What is this pilotage without a course or a compass? Where are the wealth, the trade of the nation going to? What has happened to its ancient politics and stand-byes no less than to the new hopes of the coming age of democracy? The George Government answers none of these half-shaped interrogatories, and the evidence is that it plays lightly and disconnectedly with all of them.

I AM always being asked—If the George Government goes, Where is your alternative? I answer that there are half-a-dozen alternatives—all of them incomparably better than the unstable and disorderly thing that exists. Here, for example, is one:—

Prime Minister—Lord Lansdowne.  
President of the Council—Lord Rosebery.  
Foreign Secretary—Mr. Asquith.

Minister of Munitions—Lord Robert Cecil or Mr. Churchill.  
Colonial Secretary—Mr. Balfour.  
Chancellor of the Exchequer—Mr. McKenna.  
Home Secretary—Mr. Henderson.  
Chancellor of the Duchy—Mr. John Burns.  
Secretary for War—General Smuts.  
First Lord of the Admiralty—Mr. Runciman.  
Minister of Education—Mr. Fisher.  
Minister of Labor—Mr. Thomas or Mr. Anderson.  
President of the Board of Trade—Mr. Pringle.  
Lord Chancellor—Sir John Simon.  
Indian Secretary—Lord Grey.  
Lord Privy Seal—Lord Buckmaster.  
President of the Local Government Board—Mr. Long.  
Minister of Reconstruction—Mr. Sidney Webb.  
Minister for Ireland—Lord Gladstone.

Here is a fairly small and young Cabinet, able to overlook the Executive Departments, and at the same time maintain something that can be called an orderly and constitutional administration, but, above all, to give the country some prospect of a sane conduct of the war and a good and lasting peace.

If Mr. George's efforts to win the war leave something to seek, we can all appraise the ardor of his champions in the war against Mr. Asquith. I have before me a flame-colored booklet, entitled "Lloyd George and the War," by an independent Liberal. Judging merely by internal evidence, I should be inclined to divide the parentage of this essay in sentimental sycophancy between two "independent" souls, whose respective styles distinguish themselves as of the arid and the flowery genus. But between them they produce the required picture of Mr. Asquith as a figure for a tea-party and of Mr. George as a genius for war. The question is how they arrive at it. I can only imagine by the disclosure of the confidential correspondence which passed between the two men on the eve of the break-up of the Asquith Government, rather ingeniously presented as the author's commentary on the facts. The question—Who gave these letters away? presents itself as a pendant to the inquiry—Who told the "Times" the secrets which appeared in its famous leader of December 4th? Not Mr. George, of course. But somehow these morsels of useful knowledge get "conveyed." Lord Northcliffe (here "featured," I grieve to see, as the Serpent in the Garden) gets some of them. Fleet Street (with its dependencies) has the remainder.

THE Irish Convention is at its crisis; in the excited and uncertain temper of the Irish people, hopes of its success do not abound. Ulster still has the deciding word. Her representatives have behaved well, but they have never given themselves a higher title than that of delegates, and the message they bring back from their masters may not be one of hope. I am afraid that Nationalist Ireland writes it down already as the signal for a return to coercion. Why? I am convinced Sinn Féin intends no second appeal to arms. She lacks the means; the return to power of Mr. MacNeill at the Sinn Féin Convention at least suggests that her prevailing mind is not attuned to force. Is it therefore necessary to stop drilling with hurleys, and even to think of it as a menace? And what is to be gained by filling Irish gaols with first-class misdemeanants? They have been filled before. What happened outside? One hears talk of a provisional Irish Government, with advisory powers. I am sceptical; it is little more than Crown Government. But it would not be quite so insane as the proposal to make the Convention the governing body. No government of Ireland can come that way. And no issue for the Convention either.









LORD MORLEY'S Recollections will be read for their lighter as well as for their graver matter. I note one statement—the first made on authority, I think—that Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's final decision, in 1905, to remain in the Commons and lead them as head of the Government, was taken on Lady Campbell-Bannerman's advice. The counter-proposal of a second peer Premiership was made by Viscount Grey, and broken by Mr. Asquith's decision to support the Prime Minister's leadership.

A WAYFARER.

## Life and Letters.

### WAR-BONDAGE, 1920.

I HAD just seen some friends off at Euston, and was about to leave the station when my eye was caught by a battalion of men drawn up along a neighboring platform for entrainment. The spectacle of entraining soldiers had, of course, long been a familiar one, but there was something odd about the appearance of this lot that piqued my curiosity. They wore grey uniforms, carried no military accoutrement, and their general bearing was not that of drilled men. And yet they were evidently under discipline, for a few armed men were shepherding them, and a smartly dressed officer, who seemed to be in charge, was giving his final orders. As I drew near I recognized in this last my old school acquaintance, Hickson, who carried off all the prizes for mathematics in my time, but at Cambridge was switched off to Economics, where he won golden opinions for his skill in applying the calculus of the infinitesimal to the defence of Capitalism. Whenever we had met, as we sometimes did in the vacations, we had usually crossed swords on Labor questions, for I had always been something of a Socialist. But at the end of our arguments Hickson would escape into an attenuated atmosphere of abstraction, where I failed to follow him.

After I had accosted him, Hickson explained that he was now acting as an Inspector in the Labor Forces, and that the men waiting to entrain were a draft on their way to Crewe, which was the distributing centre of the North-Western command.

"And what becomes of them when they get to Crewe?" I asked.

"Oh! they are again medically examined, and are then sorted out and grouped in squads for delivery at the various munition, mining, or other local centres where a labor shortage is reported."

"But," I interjected, "have they no say at all as to where they shall go and what they shall work at?"

"Why should they have?" was his reply. "How can they possibly know where they are most wanted and how their labor-power can be best applied? It requires an exceedingly elaborate study of the rising and falling curves of demand in the various localities and trades, and of the delicately graded 'priorities' to know exactly where to put them. It isn't easy work, but it is uncommonly interesting."

"Well, Hickson," I said, "it is the last thing I should have expected of you, descending from your theoretic heights to the common pavement."

"Oh!" he replied, "I have really made no such descent. On the contrary, what you call the pavement has ascended to the heights of theory."

"There I don't follow you."

"Yet it is simple enough. You will recollect that for some time past the mathematical school had been making a bold bid for the control of economics."

"Yes, economic theory," I said, "but——"

"Don't," Hickson broke in, "be in too great a hurry. What the war has done is to place economic practice also in our hands, by making it conform to our abstract formulas. It has supplied what was really

necessary to give practical validity to our 'marginal' theory of values, viz., a supply of liquid labor."

"And what exactly may that mean?"

"Well," he replied, "you must be enough of a business man to know the term 'liquid capital.'"

"Yes, of course," I said; "it is capital not yet appropriated to any particular use, or materialized in any special plant or material, but ready to flow into any channel that can profitably absorb it."

"Quite correct," he said.

"Now the trouble has always been that in the past labor has not been sufficiently liquid."

"You mean that the personal tastes and desires and the local attachments of the workers have impeded the fluidity of labor."

"Precisely. Labor has been a refractory material. In the first place, the worker insisted on having a will of his own, and deciding for himself what sort of work he would do. Then the trade unions raised artificial obstructions affecting quantity, quality, and methods of work and its remuneration. What was needed, not to put too fine a point upon it, was to remove this personal and collective will from labor, and to substitute the single governing will of the State motivated by the requirements of the military situation. Quite early in the war this need that the worker should place himself at the service of the State, on the same terms as the soldier, was apparent. Indeed, one or two of our Ministers made the damaging mistake of blurting out this truth before the atmosphere had been prepared, and the opposition of the trade unions sufficiently softened."

"Yes, I remember the outcry five years ago when 'forced labor' was first openly suggested. The big unions were up in arms at once, brandishing their menace of a general strike."

"Indeed," said Hickson; "this rash premature attempt at compulsion cost very dear. But it taught us our lesson."

"And what was that?"

"Why, that before we could proceed to make labor really liquid, we must take the trade union stiffening out."

"And how did you manage that?"

"Well, you see, early in the war the more patriotic trade union leaders went a good long way to meet us by suspension of their rules and usages, and especially by admitting the principle and practice of dilution."

"But," I interrupted, "only for the duration of the war?"

"Never mind that," he replied; "wait and see. Well, dilution, as the word implies, is itself a stage towards liquefaction, and the sort of labor leader who could be got to see the desirability of the one could be brought on to admit the necessity of going further. Indeed, it is fair to say that many of the leaders were from the first whole-hoggers, ready for the boundless submission of labor to be poured into whatever moulds the War Government might provide."

"And so by degrees the rank and file of the workers were won over?"

"Yes, won, or delivered, as you may prefer to call it, by their more pliable or liquid leaders."

"But, I suppose these leaders didn't save the God-State for naught?"

"By no means. Why should they? They were much in request as officers in the new Labor-Force. Indeed, long before a complete Forced Labor Scheme could safely be introduced, most of these men had done yeoman's service in helping to break the solidarity of labor through their British Workers' League. From broken solidarity to liquefaction is a simple process. Besides, our reformed school system played up marvellously well."

"How does that help?"

"Why, long before we got the crankiness of the trade unions thoroughly ironed out, the schools had been so improved that the whole adult youth of the nation poured out at eighteen either into the fighting or the labor forces, thoroughly disciplined and submissive to the needs of the State that owned them. This has been a mighty asset, for the knowledge that every year a larger proportion of labor passes in completely liquefied and

'satisfied' makes the position of the refractory minority among the older men appear continually more hopeless.

"There is, of course, still some kicking even among the younger men. That is why you noticed the little knot of armed guards with the battalion we are shipping. They haven't all yet got into the spirit of the thing."

"So I should imagine. But, Hickson, I suppose this submissiveness, at first sight so surprising, is really a voluntary sacrifice 'for the duration of the war'?"

"No doubt they think so. And so, to do them justice, does the Government. But any economist who has followed the evolution of modern industry must take a different and a larger view. Quite apart from the special emergency of war, liquid labor belongs to the ideal of the capitalist dispensation. I am not, as you know, a religious man. But if I were, I declare that I should recognize in this war the finger of Providence."

"Why, what on earth do you mean?"

"I have already answered you when I told you that liquid capital demanded liquid labor."

"But," I replied, "I am so dull that I don't understand your answer."

"Well, let me put it in this way. What is this capitalist system against which your Labor men and Socialists have been kicking? Is it the employer or manager of some factory, or mine, workshop, or office, who buys this labor and sets it to work up some sort of raw material with machinery and other plant? This employer or manager seldom owns this capital: for the most part he is himself the hired servant of some company or firm. Well, then, it may be said, you must look behind him for the enemy, who must be found in the persons that do supply the plant, machinery, and other real capital, the investors. But can these persons really be considered to exercise a responsible control over the capital which collectively they own? Most investors who furnish monetary capital do not know anything about the buildings and plant and materials it embodies itself in, or of the processes in which the labor is employed. Most of them are not even profiteers; they simply lend their money at a low market rate to the persons who direct a business. So, even here, you have not got down to the power-house of capitalism."

"Well, who are the real capitalists?"

"They are the men who control and direct the flow of liquid capital, those who gather in from innumerable channels the savings of a nation, and utilize them for fabricating the even huger volumes of credit which are poured through the financial system which they operate into the various moulds of concrete business."

"These men are the master craftsmen of the modern world of business. It is their function, to direct the streams of capital and labor which fructify in wealth. Capitalism has been steadily working up towards the final form of a free financial dynasty. By the time the war is ended, labor, like capital, will have been reduced to the frictionless fluid which is required. Capitalism will thus have reached its apex."

"That is what I mean by calling this a war of liberation. For it will not only have liberated capital from the chains of labor, but it will have lifted capital itself on to a higher plane of being, placing it in the hands of those who alone are qualified to use it properly."

"You mean, I suppose, your sublimated capitalist, the financier. But how does the war bring this about?"

"Why, with a beautiful simplicity of action. It substitutes for the countless forms of stocks and shares and mortgages and other certificates of ownership in many hands a single financial form, anchored in the safes of a few great Banks, Finance Houses, and Insurance Companies. These little groups of financiers already hold the mortgage deeds of Britain. Its lands and houses, mines and factories, ships and shops, belong to them. Such has been the secret achievement of the accumulating war-loans."

"But I thought countless thousands of ordinary men and women hold war-loan?"

"So they do, in name at least. But since all the later loans have been financed, partly by pledging earlier war scrip and all sorts of other securities with the banks, partly by bolder fabrication of bank credit, when the war ends, it will transpire that the war-financiers are the owners of all the property. For by that time the War Debt will have mounted up to a mortgage covering the whole estimated value of the national assets, and so the holders will virtually possess the country. Not only its capital, but its labor. For the labor of Britain will have to give up all the wealth it makes, beyond its necessary subsistence, to pay the interest."

"Do you really mean that the war has fastened this perpetual war-bondage upon labor when the war is over? Do you mean that when the saviours of their country return from their terrible ordeals, those that are left of them, they will be forced to spend the rest of their existence in grinding out profits for their creditors?"

"Now really, my dear fellow, this sentimental rhetoric of yours is quite beside the point. Look at the process in a calmer and more philosophic light, and you will recognize its beneficent necessity. Force, here as elsewhere, is the midwife of reform: the stern logic of war has quickened the pace of capitalistic evolution, and has placed the supreme economic power in the hands most competent to use it."

"Yes," I burst out, "but to use it for what purpose? Your boasted financial dynasty seems to be nothing else than the return of serfdom. But, tell me, have you no fear lest these bondsmen may revolt?"

"Labor revolt! How can it? Can a liquid labor recrystallize itself in separate obstructive wills? Still more, can it so stiffen itself as to present a solid front? But there is another reason why they will be impotent. They will not be allowed to know what has really happened. For the legend of financial ruin, universally believed, will continue to deceive them. The wail of investors over their depreciated securities will help to furnish a curtain of fiction behind which our real Capitalist smiles contented and secure. Nay, he will be in excellent favor as the peacemaker."

"Pray, how do you make out that rôle?"

"Quite simply. When capitalism has won, it will stop the war. For to go on further, and so to build up war-bonds beyond the safe limits of the real assets of the country, would be a lunatic proceeding."

"But you speak as if the financiers were the only persons whose voice counted. What about the Army? What about the Government? War policy surely rests with them."

"Oh! of course, the Army won't stop the war, for the pride of generalship and conquest is involved. And the politicians daren't, for to do so would be as much as their places, possibly their heads, were worth. But the financiers will bring the war to an end as soon as it has done its work."

"You mean its work of crushing German militarism?"

"Not at all. Its work of completing British bondage. Now that the war has performed its purifying mission in the organism of economics, as in that of politics, to continue it would be wanton cruelty as well as waste. Since a similar purification will have been taking place in Germany, the collapse of war will manifest itself as a natural necessity."

"But, exactly, how will capitalism stop the war?"

"Why, by starving it. By refusing to pour into its steel veins any more of the vital fluid from its sacred vessels."

"I see," said I. "But there is just one further question I should like to put to you, Hickson. At the beginning of our talk you spoke of labor as subject to 'the single governing will of the State.' But now it would appear that the governing will is really that of a financial class."

Hickson hesitated just a moment, and then replied, "There is no real inconsistency. The State, you see, delegates its authority to various Controls. And just as it has appointed great mining and shipping experts to



rule those industries, great grocers and millers to regulate our bread and tea supplies, what is more natural and proper than that it should assign to financial experts the province of national finance, with its super-control over all industrial processes?"

"But this financial dominion you have described as permanent. And did you not represent its members as themselves reaping the profits of war-bondage?"

"Well, what of that?" rejoined Hickson. "The financier serves the State as the expert controller of liquid capital and labor, and, as a laborer in this fruitful field, is worthy of his hire."

"Even if his hire is the blood-money of the nation?" was my parting comment.

### "THE PICTURES."

ONCE they were called "Cinematographs." When painted, they were called "Kinematocolors." Both impossible words, and one abhorrent. "Cinemas" was better, and still lingers among the "upper classes." "Vitagraph" was invented to give a touch of extra superiority, but was rejected by instinctive scholarship. "Movies" was an expressive and simple-hearted translation of "cinemas." "Films" did pretty well for a time, and sounded professional. But the Voice of the People has decided upon "The Pictures" as the right thing, and that settles it. When historians describe the first-quarter of the twentieth century after Christ—the overthrow of European civilization, the destruction of Europe's ancient cities, the frustration of her dreams of beneficent progress, the end of a great age—as they have described the collapse of the Greek and Roman Empires, they will take notice of "The Pictures" as a trait of contemporary social influences and an evidence of the general mind.

If the films can be preserved even for a few centuries they will serve as vital records of the appearance, the dress, the architecture, the means of locomotion, the daily habits and manners of a vanished world. In two thousand years they will occupy the archæologist as the ruins of Pompeii occupy the excavators of to-day, and with knowledge more assured. How the Germanizer of future research will gloat over a newly-discovered fragment representing Piccadilly Circus before the Great War, or a Christian Archbishop receiving a King on a day of public thanksgiving for victory! What would our historians not give for a moving picture of John signing Magna Carta (that obsolete and discredited document); or of Elizabeth thanking Drake for his plunder; or of Charles I. speaking from the scaffold; or even of the Guards leaving Brussels for Waterloo, and Wellington watching? What an impression upon the mind of children if they could see, not in some imaginary picture, but in actual fact, Alfred burning the cakes, Gellert guarding the baby, Clarence tasting the Malmsey butt, Edward II. washing in warm tears, Raleigh spreading his cloak upon a puddle, or Washington hacking at the cherry-tree! With a little arrangement, all this would have been possible if only the art of photography had developed earlier, and our children's children will enjoy similar advantages to all generations. They will sit astounded at all manner of antiquated apparitions—kings and queens as they lived and moved, appalled in ermine and velvet robes, wearing golden crowns, carrying golden sceptres, driving in carriages of gold and crystal glass gorgeous as Cinderella's coach. They will see men in top-hats going to church, with women in skirts at their side. They will see the laughable machines in which people used to fly, and the inconceivable instruments of death and torture with which they thought they could settle disputes by trying which side could kill most of the other. They will even see them marching out to put the matter to the test, and doing it.

But it is of our social habits they will learn most, though their conception of them may be peculiar. The early days of the cinema's picturesque travels and scientific interest in the habits of bees and coral insects

are over. Even war films are no longer much favored. Soldiers and their wives or girls do not care to be reminded of the war. As everyone now is a soldier or related to a soldier, the demand is for distraction and rest. An antiquated battle in a wood, showing the dead and wounded falling thick among the trees, is greeted by the soldiers on leave with shouts of laughter and yells for the R.A.M.C. But that is an antiquated battle, fought by Grenadiers of no particular country, as remote from human interest as the Medes and Persians who storm and slaughter and ravish and fling from Babylonian walls in the astonishing scenes of "Intolerance." No matter what opportunities for recording present history the Pictures give, imagination and drama win. It is the rest of distraction that people want. They like to sit quiet in the obscure light, while fairly intelligible scenes of comedy, adventure, intrigue, or domestic sentiment pass rapidly before their eyes, soothing anxiety, and calling for no effort, not even the effort of applause.

Comedy comes first, and in comedy "Charlie Chaplin" still rules, though a character known to experts as "Fatty" runs him close. In Charlie Chaplin one regrets the degradation of an artist. One remembers his early appearances—his spontaneous surprises, his imperturbable gravity under overwhelming embarrassments, his sudden and natural outrages performed without a movement of the face. Who can forget his entrance into the crowded theatre, as he passed unmoved down one row of stalls after another, but always the wrong row! The gathering rage of the audience, the trampling, the squeezing, the tearing, but himself calm, unruffled, taking the wrong seats in due course as they came, storming line after line with restrained and unemotional patience—it was a scene of true absurdity, at its height when, quietly, and as a matter of course, he laid his hand gently upon the hand of the elaborate lady beside whom he had settled at last. Since then the mere farce of rudeness has overcome him. He seeks laughter in buffoonery, in tomfoolery, in knockabout farce, and vulgar joking. He jigs, he contorts himself; worst of all, he laughs. An artist is perishing in him. His memory will linger in the fashionable moustache, and in the stupidest song the war has produced. But the spirit of the one man to whom the Pictures brought a general fame is dying of cheap success. For fun, the persistent bull-dog who pursues the thief down chimneys, up walls, and through forests and lakes, or dashes away with a leg of mutton, the whole French village after him, now beats him by ten tails.

But, alas! France gives us few Pictures now. Nearly all the films "now showing" are American, and anyone who survives a week of Pictures knows almost as much about the look and language of America as if he had been there. One sees the American furniture—the sort of luxury to be found in the "lounge" of a seaside hotel, or in the waiting-rooms of our consulting physicians. One sees the American gestures, different from the French, but serviceable for Pictures, as English gestures never are. One sees the American face, so indefinable in difference from the English, and yet, in every look and feature, so distinctly American—as unmistakably American as the clothes, especially the clothes of men. One sees the American manners, distinguished by a hurried simplicity, as of children anxious to be off to the next game, drinking with their mouths full, and running away before they have finished. From the explanations between the Pictures one learns the American language. One learns that to "eat crow" means "humble pie"; that to say "the boy is out gunning for me" means that someone is in search of you; that when you want to threaten a man with violence you tell him "there's going to be a new face in heaven to-day"; that a nice-looking woman should be described as "no dazzling beauty, but easy to look at"; that, in describing a smart man, you should say, "when it comes to the early bird stuff, Bud is some little canary himself"; that when a modest man suddenly goes up in the world, you should exclaim, "the Skinner just took the lower rungs of the social ladder at a leap"; and that when you have occasion to refer to Rome, it is best to call it "Nero's native city."



A knowledge of English helps, but the confusion of a Frenchman who tried to translate "eat crow" and "out gunning" to his French wife was pitiful. At last he gave it up until, owing to a portentous lie on the hero's part, a picture of George Washington appeared upon the wall. "Ah, voilà!" cried the Frenchman, "Le portrait de son père!" He was happy till, at the success of the lie, the portrait reappeared, horribly winking. Then he gave up the New World as hopeless.

Even apart from the American language, one requires long practice to become a real Picture-expert. One of the chief difficulties is to distinguish vision, thought, or dream from reality. For the thoughts, visions, or dreams passing through the brain of hero or heroine are also thrown upon the screen, sometimes emerging from reality as a "dissolving view," sometimes following reality as quite separate pictures. The process is a kind of thought-reading, and as recollections and fond memories are included in thoughts, the result is often perplexity. But, in one case, all uncertainty is eliminated: a lovely but wicked, wicked wife is drinking a large cup of coffee in the usual Picture manner, when, upon the very surface of the coffee itself, slowly emerges the photograph of a handsome young man, clean collar, tie, and all. No rational being could then doubt of whom she is thinking, and, indeed, bound to think. But it was not her amiable husband's face.

Time would fail to tell of Red Warren and a new Maid Marian, or of the visionary hand which sets all the telephones and electric lights in wild disorder. That hand is terrifying—a regular Bolo hand; but it cannot be called a Hidden Hand, for it is visible, detached, animated, ominous, the only part of its owner which is not hid. So characteristic of the Bolo man is it that its story takes months to tell. We believe it is now in its seventh weekly part, and whoever has followed it up to now may comprehend its mysteries. The story of "Automatic Joe," who offers to croak a whole family for a dollar by means of his "instantaneous coffee extract," also demands some time, but it includes the tragic mistake of an artist who tried to commit suicide by turning on the gas, but, forgetting to drop the necessary "quarter" into the metre, awoke refreshed and well.

To the novice in Pictures, a few guiding principles may be of service. When a child appears, you may be sure it is a real che-ild, born to stir pathos, to be hugged to mother's breast, to make a pet dog or Teddy bear say its prayers before being put to bed, to pray that poor Daddy may grow a new arm, and to effect the reconciliation desired by all. When you see a black-haired woman, you may be sure it is the deepest dye of villainy which makes it black, but, if beautiful, she will probably repent. When you see a big-faced American employer writing "cables" at a desk, you may be sure he has "a golden heart." When you see a film, you will see a motor running faster than an express train. When you see a film, you will see a telephone, a man mouthing into it at one end and a woman at the other. When you see a film "featuring" the huge head of a man or woman overcome by emotion at close range, don't look.

At the end of it all, the "comics" are farce, the "serious" are melodrama, and those are the forms of art that "the masses" have always loved. The Pictures are our substitutes for the Arabian Nights and the ancient drama. Their popularity reveals a vast crowd of men and women who love laughter and joy, if only they can get it; who love to follow out a plot of wickedness and disaster, provided virtue triumphs in love's embraces and plenty to eat at the end; who are interested in the clever scoundrel, and much attracted by "gilded vice," but like to see the ways of God justified, and to imagine a better world. In fact, their popularity reveals an average type of the human race still subsisting, humorous, well-disposed, and, in America, strangely simple-minded and naive in the midst of a nominally wicked world. One further step we would suggest, though probably it has been already suggested, work the gramophone in exact time with the Pictures; reproduce a play upon the films, accompanied by the very sounds of the actor's voice; and so at last make the actor's transient art immortal.

## Letters to the Editor.

### THE TRUE END OF THE WAR.

SIR,—It is quite impossible for us to calculate, to form any conception of the evils of civilization at large which this war will bring in its train, a breaking up of all we had learnt, or deemed ourselves to have learned, in economics—using that word in its widest and its narrowest senses, as statecraft and finance. There are not wanting signs that the mind of the nations, from continual preoccupation with this one topic, the war, is beginning to suffer, as individual minds suffer, from an *idée fixe*. Did not someone propose not long since that the Censor should forbid during six months the very use of the word "peace"? The final outcome of the war to Europe may, in fact, be as serious as was the outcome of the Thirty Years' War; though we may hope for better things.

The war, on the side of the Allies, will have this further likeness to the Thirty Years' War, that it will be a war for ideals, for a creed; at any rate, it will professedly be this. We are fighting, all our statesmen have declared, against militarism, or "Prussian Militarism"; that is to say, not for a definite material objective, but to root out an evil point of view from our enemies. And not the mere man in the street, but the most intelligent exponent of this nation will maintain that, while we are still alive to the horrors of war, we must go on pounding till we are assured these horrors have been felt in the world for the last time, till we have destroyed the spirit which has made such things possible. Even so might a Protestant in the seventeenth century have argued, and with equal apparent justice, that religious wars must be continued till we had toppled down the triple tyrant at Rome, or, say, the Papacy (the "whore of Babylon"), the author of the countless massacres, persecutions, tortures, wars, into which human nature had been plunged. The seventeenth-century Protestant could not be expected to admit what to many of us to-day seems admissible rather through outward evidence than inward reason, that there is something in human nature in sympathy with Papacy, or Papacy could not have survived so long.

The error of the fighting Protestant did not lie in his not detecting what it needed centuries to bring to light: it lay in his thinking that by pounding away at his adversaries he was likely to make them surrender their cherished beliefs. And our error is similar in thinking, when we talk about a war on "Prussian Militarism," that by smashing the German armies we shall wean the German nation from their ideas of statecraft. It is not strange that, despite the experiences of three centuries, the bulk of the population should think in this naive fashion; for what do people at large know of the lessons of history? But it is strange that our public men should set themselves at the forefront of this delusion. And one is tempted to ask oneself, "Do they really mean all they say, when they talk of our war as a sort of crusade, a sort of religious war for democracy? Or do they only use these phrases to spur the people on to enthusiasm?" I do not deny the potency of the appeal. In itself there is nothing nobler than a crusade or a religious war. And if we, acting from the motives that almost all profess and very many sincerely feel, could accomplish the conversion of Germany, then who would not wish us to go on? But the past has passed in vain for us if we have not learned that religious wars never do accomplish what they set out to accomplish. And what justifies us in expecting that our operations, if directed to like ends, will be more successful? Nothing. Are we so sure that there is nothing in human nature which corresponds to militarism and the worship of the State, so that these things, like the Papacy, even after the most horrible abuses, will still keep their hold on social man? Is it not rather an extravagant hope that we are going to end war for ever, or even to render such aggressions as the German aggressions impossible in the future?

"Terret ambustus Phæthon avaras  
Spes."

But how much simpler the problem would have been if we had nourished fewer of these greedy hopes, and made more place for some of that *Realpolitik* which we condemn! The problem would have been this. Here is a war set on foot by the Central Powers, taking the rest of Europe unawares: a war by calculation accompanied by a frightfulness which, though it should set civilized feeling at defiance, was to achieve its end by bringing out Germany victorious, and able to despise such a feeble thing as public opinion; but which this Frightfulness—and mark this well—unless it had the effect of bringing the war to a speedy end, must turn more and more to the disadvantage of its originators, and in two ways: first, by eteeling the hearts and resolution of the Allies to continue fighting at every cost, and next through the long after-effects of these outrages on civilized opinion. It was these two drawbacks to the method of Frightfulness which justified an Italian military critic, before Italy had entered the war, in writing that every day which was not a German victory was a German defeat. And what, in view of all this, did *Real-*

*politik* demand of the Allies? To strain every nerve to gain the ultimate victory: no one contests this prime duty. But it required them not to shut their eyes to the true state of affairs, rather to reckon with the calmness of mathematicians how this result—or, in truth, how much of this desired result—was obtainable. With the calmness of mathematicians: not with the heat of rhetoricians. It did not ask that our public men should mingle statesmanship with the stump, or talk with the fervour of Fifth Monarchy men. We are *not* upon a crusade; and most know it—at heart. And anyone with an instinct for real knowledge ought to have perceived from the first that the complete crushing of a nation like Germany was a thing impossible. So soon as Russia began to fail of her part, the thing was more certainly hopeless; and our Foreign Office must have known long before the Revolution how Russia was failing of her part, how much of our subsidies had melted away in *graft*. Then came the Russian Revolution; and all the stump-oratory and the crusading talk had to be made good. But if there had not been the stump-oratory behind us, we should have seen long before what was possible of accomplishment, what was not. We should have concentrated on driving the Germans out of Belgium and France. I do not say we should have been content with that, but that should have been our first and single objective. And if we had done no more, we should have reached the essential object of the war. For, in the first place, we should have demonstrated, *orbi et urbi*, to all the nations, and to Germany herself, that militarism and frightfulness do not pay. Even if, to save its face, Junkerdom had got some compensation on the side of the Baltic Provinces (a compensation not inconsistent with all we have said about nationalities), no German even would have reckoned that an equivalent for their terrible losses and sufferings in this war. And, mark, their sufferings, the direct result of German frightfulness, will not end when the war ends. On nothing has the prosperity of German trade in the past rested more than on the immense and highly intelligent army of commercial agents, bagmen, and so forth, that has invaded the territories of the world. Does anyone suppose that so soon as the war is ended that host can begin its work again—that in an immense number of lands life will be possible for it, or, if just possible, to be undertaken without large increases of salary? Or that even with residence and with the increase of salary the agents will do one-half the trading they accomplished aforetime? Add to this the difficulty the manufacturers at home will have in getting raw material, and we see that Germany is already crippled almost beyond repair: the *essential* (I do not say, all the desirable) ends of the war have been reached for those who do not revel in "greedy hopes."

I fear, Sir, that mine is only a voice crying in the wilderness, and that all your liberality to difference of opinion will scarce find a place for these lines in your columns. But it is not the voice of a pacifist. "If wishes were horses," I would pursue the Huns as far as they could take me. But I am sure, also, that to mistake wishes and hopes for facts, to stand, as we have stood for three years, always on the edge of a decisive victory—that that way madness lies, and ruin.—Yours, &c.,

C. F. KEARY.

[We think it right to say that though the above letter has been handed us for publication, and is the work of a literary man of great distinction, lately deceased, it was not originally intended to appear in THE NATION.—ED., THE NATION.]

#### THE LIFTING OF THE BAN.

SIR,—I must give utterance to the delight with which I hailed my NATION to-day after its long silence. There is no English paper like it. I cannot understand why its circulation was suspended. Those who thought it did them harm could not possibly understand it. The world knows once more that we have a press which thinks and speaks the truth.—Yours, &c.,

OSCAR BROWNING.

Palazzo Simonetti, 12, Via Pietro Cavallini, Roma.

November 9th, 1917.

[We have received a very large number of letters to the same effect from foreign subscribers, including soldiers, to whom we tender our grateful thanks.—ED., THE NATION.]

#### OUR WAR BOOKS.

SIR,—Your reviewer of Duhamel's "*Vie des Martyrs*" laments that English writers have less courage, spiritual and literary, than French writers about the War. Will you allow an anonymous American who has lived for many years in England to add a gloss to this?

I have read various English "war books" by both soldiers and civilians, but I am not encouraged to continue the experience. They lack the deeper seriousness of the French, the literary and moral simplicity, the spiritual honesty which seriousness brings, which the habit of brave, unsentimental, personal observation and thought (which is seriousness) carries as its corollary. This is not to deny the Englishman, writers and soldiers, splendid qualities—there may be even more "cowards"

in France. It is rather to suggest that the written records of what they suffer and endure are generalized and conventional, wanting in the bitter sharpness of a personal relationship. The Englishman is infinitely brave, patient, and uncomplaining; but he is all these not so much from the abundance of his spiritual and intellectual experience as from the absence of it. He is these by tradition, a tradition which the individualist American or Frenchman cannot always comprehend or sympathize with. It belongs to the same tradition which makes the "gentleman" the national type and ideal—even for the Tommy. The "gentleman" is, often enough, a caricature of the real thing, but even the caricature has taught its lesson (a lesson of imitation and obedience among other qualities); and in accepting it the individual Englishman foregoes the privileges of thinking and feeling for himself, of direct contact with life. His waters are not the deep waters of personal struggle and discovery; he merely lathes on the shining bank of the national tradition and then redresses his splendid body in its heroic khaki—khaki, to push the simile too far, perhaps, which is often enough a mere "hand-me-down." It is the unquestioning assumption of a noble ideal—but it is not the Frenchman's fight for his own soul.

Hence the flatness of our English "war books," their almost standardized psychology and description, their unconscious sincerity and superficiality—for the Englishman guesses nought of what I write, neither the author nor the reader. The reader does not want to know what war is; he wants to know how English soldiers and civilians behave in a war (for C.O.'s, if his political creed be different). And he has already made up his mind about that—even in so brilliant a book as "Mr. Britling," which is, after all, literature. Not life.—Yours, &c.,

London, November 12th, 1917.

#### "THE CHURCHES AND PEACE."

SIR,—As by some mischance the corrected proof of this article failed to reach you, it naturally has several errors. I will not attempt to correct them beyond saying that for "Victorian" should be read "Sectarian."—Yours, &c.,

THE WRITER OF THE ARTICLE.

#### HYMNS IN BATTLE.

SIR,—"Wayfarer's" story of a trenchful of our men singing "Jesu, Lover of my Soul" just before going over the parapet calls to mind a parallel incident in fiction, where another of Charles Wesley's hymns plays the same part in sustaining the spirit of British soldiers on the eve of battle. The story, which, very likely, is based on an actual occurrence, is told by Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch in the epilogue to his novel, "Hetty Wesley"; and it relates how, in December, 1903, in the course of an Indian frontier expedition under the command of the future Duke of Wellington a team of gunners woke the echoes of the mountains, singing over a dead comrade:—

"Rejoice, the Lord is King!  
Your Lord and King adore."

—Yours, &c.,

A. R. WATSON.

#### "MAN'S LIFE IS BUT VAIN."

SIR,—In a recent issue, "H. J. M." quotes an old English angling song, beginning "Man's life is but vain." It may interest him and readers of "The World of Books" to know that this was published in 1669, with music by Henry Lawes, who set to music much of the finest verse of his day, including the songs for Milton's masque, "Comus." The music, in this case, is an example of his "aria parlante," and is delightfully expressive of the spirit of the song. In our time, the song has been published by Boosey & Co. in "Select English Songs and Dialogues, Book I." I do not quite see why "H. J. M." should consider 1666 three years too late for Walton. Were not his dates 1593 to 1683? The present-day publishers describe the verses as "by Isaak Walton."—Yours, &c.,

J. D. T.

45, Renfrew Street, Glasgow.

#### Poetry.

#### IN TIME OF WAR.

As I go walking down the street,  
Many's the lad and lass I meet;  
There's many a soldier I see pass,  
And every soldier has his lass.

But when I saw the others there—  
The women that black mourning wear,  
"Judged by the looks of these," I said—  
"The lads those lassies court are dead."

W. H. DAVIES.

## The World of Books.

THE "NATION" OFFICE, THURSDAY NIGHT.

THE following is our weekly selection of books which we commend to the notice of our readers:—

- "My Four Years in Germany." By James W. Gerard. (Hodder & Stoughton. 7s. 6d. net.)  
 "Life of Sir Clements Markham." By Admiral Markham. (John Murray. 15s. net.)  
 "Democracy after the War." By J. A. Hobson. (Allen & Unwin. 4s. 6d. net.)  
 "Political Portraits." By Charles Whibley. (Macmillan. 7s. 6d. net.)  
 "Fairies and Fusiliers." Poems by Robert Graves. (Heinemann. 3s. 6d. net.)  
 "Poems of Ivar Campbell." (A. L. Humphreys. 3s. 6d. net.)  
 "Liadain and Curithir." By Moireen Fox. (B. H. Blackwell. 2s. net.)  
 "Prose Papers." By John Drinkwater. (Elkin Mathews. 6s. net.)  
 "Come In." By Ethel Colburn Mayne. (Chapman & Hall. 6s. net.)  
 "La Closerie de Champdolent." Roman. Par René Bazin. (Calmann-Lévy: Paris. 3fr. 50.)  
 "Sous les Figuiers de Kabylie." Par Charles Géniaux. (Flammarion: Paris. 3fr. 50.)  
 "Lieutenant Marcel Elévé: Lettres d'un combattant." Préface de M. Paul Dupuy. (Hachette: Paris. 3fr. 50.)

A FORTNIGHT ago I gave some very inadequate extracts from the post-Elizabethan miscellanies. But these song-books by no means exhaust the anonymous poetic wealth of the middle seventeenth century, a period which is leased, a heavily mortgaged property, to a few expert caretakers. Liking the fashions, preoccupied with inconstancy, well-groomed (some of it), and having the bad luck to follow the Elizabethans, it is dismissed as "decadent," and there's an end of it. And yet, after the well-known poets and dramatists, after the salmon there are the trout; after the minor-poets came the prose-writers, who wrote a few worthy poems (Burton's "Naught so Sweet as Melancholy," Sir Thomas Browne's hymn are examples); after them, the anonymous poems in the song and jest books, the current coin of the age and which we may call public, and after them again the *private* anonymous poetry—a cornucopia in itself. I leave it to numerous readers to decide whether it is worth while spilling it out. Vaughan and Traherne belonged to them up to a few years ago.

A good many of these poems are buried away in prose devotional books—"The Meditations, Soliloquies, and Manuell of the glorious Doctour, St. Augustine, 1631" (spurious, of course), Anthony Stafford's (to whom Randolph wrote his famous poem in the country) "The Female Glory or the Life and Death of Our Blessed Lady," 1635, and so on. The following extraordinarily Elizabethan "Round" was discovered by Mr. Bullen in Christ Church Library, and is reprinted, without much evidence, to be written by Nathaniel Giles, master of the children of the Chapel Royal, who died in 1633:—

"Hey nonny no!  
 Men are fools that wish to die,  
 Is't not fine to dance and sing  
 When the bells of death do ring?  
 Is't not fine to swim in wine,  
 And turn upon the toe  
 And sing hey nonny no!  
 When the winds blow and the seas flow,  
 Hey nonny no!"

Two stanzas from "The Invitation," from a manuscript of miscellaneous sacred verse:—

"Lord, what unvalued pleasures crown'd  
 The days of old;  
 When Thou wert so familiar found,  
 Those days were gold.

"When Abram wished Thou couldst afford  
 With him to feast;  
 When Lot but said: 'Turn in, my Lord,'  
 Thou wert his guest."

That delightful "familiar" is the corner-stone of the whole poem. It is so strange to find this naïve heavenly-concrete touch so late as this, that the poem is like a forgotten

memory, suddenly green, of those "days of old," when such poems as "All under the leaves and the leaves of Life" were written. That note, like the emotion of the child in Wordsworth's Ode, can never be recaptured. This is part of a fairy's song from E.P.'s "Mysteries of Love," 1658, and reminds one pleasantly of Bishop Corbet's "Farewell to Fairies":—

"On tops of dewy grass,  
 So nimbly do we pass,  
 The young and tender stalk  
 Ne'er bends when we do walk;  
 Yet, in the morning, may be seen  
 Where we, the night before, have been.

"The grasshopper and the fly  
 Serve for our minstrelsy.  
 Grace said—we dance a while,  
 And so the time beguile;  
 And when the moon doth hide her head,  
 The glow-worm lights us home to bed."

It is interesting to compare Marvell's "Ye glow-worms whose officious flame, to wandering mowers show the way," &c., with this last couplet.

THOUGH I have not been able to discover the original and can only guess the date approximately, I cannot resist quoting the last stanza of "The Ways of Wisdom," which occurs in Canon Beeching's "Lyra Sacra." It is remarkable not only for its solemnity and eloquence, but for a philosophic feeling for Nature very rare, unless conventionalized, at this time; in fact, except in Vaughan, quite unknown:—

"Who sees the heavenly ancient ways  
 Of God the Lord, with joy and praise  
 More than the skies  
 With open eyes  
 Doth prize them all; yea, more than gems,  
 And regal diadems;  
 That more esteemeth mountains, as they are,  
 Than if they gold and silver were;  
 To whom the sun more pleasure brings,  
 Than crowns and thrones and palaces to kings;  
 That knows his ways.  
 To be the joys  
 And way of God. These things who knows  
 With joy and praise he goes."

The poet does not say, observe, that he "esteems" the sun more than crowns and thrones, but more than kings esteem them. I must quote a few lines of one more sacred poem, as being of a most delicate fabric, and not inappropriate to these sad days of ours. It is from Samuel Speed's "Prison Piety, or Meditations Divine and Morall," 1677, in part selection, in part original work. It is certainly not by Speed, a wretched poeticule, and is at least of twenty or thirty years' earlier date:—

"I sought for Peace, but could not find,  
 I sought it in the city,  
 But they were of another mind,  
 The more's the pity.

I sought for Peace of country swain,  
 But yet I could not find;  
 So I, returning-home again,  
 Left Peace behind.

Sweet Peace, where dost thou dwell, said I,  
 Methought a voice was given,  
 Peace dwelt not here, long since did fly  
 To God in heaven."

The fancy and adroitness of the following song, "Confinement," are their recommendation. It appears in David Lloyd's "Memoirs of those who Suffered in the Cause of Charles I.," 1668, and was reprinted in "Westminster Drollery" and Percy's "Reliques." Here are two stanzas:—

"These manacles upon my arm,  
 I, as my mistress favor wear;  
 And, for to keep my ankles warm,  
 I have some iron shackles there:  
 These walls are but my garrison; this cell  
 Which men call gaol, doth prove my citadel.

"I'm in the cabinet, locked up,  
 Like some high-prized margarite,  
 Or like the Great Mogul, or Pope.  
 Am cloistered up from public sight:  
 Retirement is a piece of majesty,  
 And thus, proud Sultan, I'm as great as thee."

Here, indeed, is a model of a man—one who had an excellent opinion of himself, and yet was by no means hard to please!

H. J. M.



## Reviews.

### LORD MORLEY'S RECOLLECTIONS.

#### I.

"Recollections." By JOHN VISCOUNT MORLEY, O.M. (Macmillan. 2 vols. 25s. net.)

EVEN a careless reader of Lord Morley's "Recollections" will hardly fail to discover its true dedicatory purpose. It is the memorial of a noble and consistent career, touched with the serenity which flows from the philosophic mind, from the constant and delighted pursuit of letters, and from the Liberal belief in "progress." But it is also a vigorous and, indeed, uncompromising assertion of a creed. Lord Morley has much to say of the pleasures of companionship with the wise and the great, though little of his own ample contribution to them. *Multum diuque vixit.* But no moralist writes to charm. He writes to instruct, to incite, to warn. And in plentifully decorating this delightful house of the mind with the reflections of Stoicism and Rationalism, Lord Morley does not shrink from telling us that it is on that foundation that his own structure of thought and morals was reared. He calls himself, and with truth, a "disciple," for he lived in the age of masters, and it was his privilege to write their gospel, and even to carry it into the unbelieving world of politics. Gone are those teachers—Mill and Spencer, the best of the Positivists, the great Liberals who, half-consciously, drank from these springs. Well may Lord Morley ask what the world has made of the rejection of their message of Tolerance, Liberty, and Peace, the guarded pursuit of Happiness for the many. Neo-Ecclesiasticism, Mysticism, State-Worship, idealistic Materialism, have had their day. Now they, too, lie in ruins beneath a broken world. Would it, we wonder, greatly complain if a cartload of Archbishops, Bishops, Moderators, Presidents of Wesleyan Conferences, were dropped into the Thames or the Spree, provided only it could barter one Voltaire for the whole of them? Or shrink from exchanging for a second Mill a College-full of Hegelians, and Cabinets of "efficients" exploring short-cuts to the Devil? Lord Morley, let us hasten to say, puts no such rude dilemmas as these. Indeed, in the charming epilogue of these recollections, he suggests as a parting reflection from his favorite Lessing, that though Christianity has failed, the religion of Christ remains to be tried—that when the Churches have fallen under the scorn of the men and women they have betrayed, the good shepherd may gather his outraged and decimated flock to that kind bosom again. That was the hope of Tolstoy, the last of the great Christians. It does not seem foreign to the view of Lord Morley, the last of the great English Stoics, Rationalists, and anti-Supernaturalists of the nineteenth century.

Lord Morley's recollections begin with his upbringing in Blackburn and close with the passing of the Parliament Act. It was Lord Morley's privilege to administer to the House of Lords the final touch of persuasion to mend rather than end itself. A still deeper significance attaches itself to the opening sentence of his introduction, with its intimation that "the war and our action in it led to my retirement from public office," and the implied censure, not so much of an act of policy, as of a scheme of political thought. In the presentment of this attitude to life and statesmanship lies the importance as well as the main human interest of Lord Morley's career. That, again, divides itself into two linked chapters, the life of the critic and journalist—in the French rather than in the debased English sense—and that of the "operative" politician. It was entirely according to plan that the associate of Mill, the exponent of Voltaire and Diderot, the author of "Compromise," the editor of the "Fortnightly" and the "Pall Mall Gazette," should come to be lieutenant to Gladstone in his Home Rule policy and to close his ample task-work with the *magnum opus* of Indian reform. There lay the double act of "discipleship" which Lord Morley himself claims as the decisive mark of his career. The first master was Mill. The second was Gladstone. The last of these spiritual associations did not indeed formally end with Gladstone's resignation—on European peace—for then Lord Morley, as he

frankly explains, decided to remain for Ireland's sake and his own. But by that time the three connecting links of his life—Rationalism, practical Utilitarianism, and reforming pacific Liberalism—had become a finished chain. A new Liberalism, corresponding to the new world-policy of Germany and the Imperialist Powers, was already in the ascendant, and itself came to its term on August 3rd, 1914. Of this older creed Lord Morley insists that its roots lay in "respect" for the dignity and worth of the individual, the subjection of authority, and even order, to "human conscience and judgment," in mercy and humanity in law-making and law-administering, in the representative system, above all in the battle of Culture against Militarism, that "point-blank opposite of Liberalism in its fullest and profoundest sense, whatever the scale and whatever the dispute." Taking up, as his staff and scrip, the "mixed idea, hope, emotion," which we call faith in Progress, the pilgrim of Lord Morley's youth and manhood set out on his way, not without giving fire, in the years when his own light was brightest, to many a travelling soul.

He had the fortune to encounter many great companions. Victor Hugo, grateful for an appreciation in the "Saturday," was an admiring correspondent, and later on Morley sat at the poet's fireside. Mill, Spencer, Arnold, and Meredith—the glorious Meredith of early and mid-manhood—were all intimates. Renan he met on his return from the Holy Land, and also as a dying man disfigured with disease, and living between his study and his lecture-room. Mazzini, "the moral genius that spiritualized politics," he also knew, and had the supreme luck to hear Meredith read the immortal description of him in the opening chapter of "Vittoria."\* Morley had quarrelled with Louis Blanc over National Workshops, and with Carlyle, one imagines, on nearly everything. For Morley drew from Mill a distrust of "thunderings," and it was to that calm spirit that his full intellectual sympathy and personal homage were given. The famous friendship began in 1865, in the early years that followed the death of Mrs. Mill. Morley's picture of the sage finely illuminates that benign character and soul:—

"In bodily presence, though not commanding at sixty, he was attractive, spare in build, his voice low but harmonious, his eye sympathetic and responsive. This perfect simplicity and candor, friendly gaiety, with no accent of the don, his readiness of interest and curiosity, the evident line of truth and justice and improvement as the standing habit of mind—all this diffused a high enlightening ethos that, aided by the magic halo of accepted fame, made him extraordinarily impressive."

This was an impression of moral calm, rooted in that "saintliness" of mind that is Mill's best epitaph; and yet Mill could be angry. Lord Morley saw him blaze into wrath at the news of the French declaration of war on Prussia. He violently struck his chair and broke out in a passionate exclamation: "What a pity the bombs of Orsini missed their mark and left the crime-stained usurper alive."

Spencer is more slightly drawn. Lord Morley's verdict on him is that in life and conduct he was "the most single-minded and unselfish of men." But eccentricity stamped him deep. "He could be impatient," says Lord Morley drily, "over the small mischances of club life, and he was amusingly ready to seek an instant classification of them as due to gross defects of integration, co-ordination, or whatever else the attendant molecular shortcoming might be." No heresy could Spencer tolerate, even though he himself, in a memorable admission, once lapsed from the gospel of the Unknowable into a doubt whether, without origin or cause, "infinite Space could ever have existed or could eternally persist," and ill tolerated the disciple's answering reminder of the fundamentals of his own creed.† Here, as in the case of Mill's not less famous fall into Manicheanism, Lord Morley firmly upholds the flag of Agnosticism. What use to fall back on sentiment (the value of religion in softening the feeling of separation

\* Mazzini had no admiration of Garibaldi's leonine head. Lord Morley recalls the following piece of dialogue. "Mazzini: Have you ever seen a lion? J. M.: At the Zoological Gardens. Mazzini: You have the face of a lion. J. M.: Yes, without doubt. Mazzini: Is it not a foolish face? Is it not the face of Garibaldi?"

† To Morley's objection that space could be no more than a subjective impression, "with flashing eye and astounded gesture, as if hearing the incredible," Spencer exclaimed: "Then you have turned a Kantian, have you?"

from the beloved) when the sentiment itself is so slight, so tenuous? Why present humanity with a second knot harder to untie than the first? Matthew Arnold's charm, his long and ardent service to the forlorn cause of British education, and his poetic achievement, are finely commemorated. The closing note is a deeply bitten reminder of the change that has come over the world. Arnold's poems were a constant companion of Lord Morley's travels. From the fly-leaf of one such volume he quotes this jotting:—

"Read with much fortifying quietude of mind on the glowing forenoon of our departure, on the matchless terrace of Beatenberg, June 12th, 1914. In a few weeks, hardly more than a few days, the blundering and precipitancy of folly-smitten rulers let loose a fierce hurricane of destruction and hate that swept quietude out of the world for a long span of time to come."

## II.

With the 'eighties, Morley's work in the journalism of the study and the spirit was over, and he had pushed out into the rough stream of Parliament. Arnold, it appears, still wished him to do for British politics and culture what John Lemoine had done for France and the *Débats*. But Morley cherished another ambition. He describes it a little cynically as a desire to pass from the orchestra to the stage, "where besides the declamations of the scene, he is freshened by pithy asides in the *coulisses*." Such "asides," indeed, now and then penetrate to Fleet Street. But Morley's inner motive was not cynical. "Balfour and you," said Randolph Churchill to him one day, "are men who believe in the solution of political questions." It was indeed to "solutions" that Morley tended. A powerful companion urged him along the way. Lord Morley describes his association with Chamberlain as a "brotherhood" of fifteen years. That the two men were good for each other and loved each other no student of their relationship could deny. They complemented each other's talents. Individualism and Socialism should always marry, and in the Morley-Chamberlain comradeship breadth and culture went well with incisiveness and impatience to get on with the business of practical democracy. The service was mutual, and it was most oddly and unfortunately ended. Morley's journalism of the "Pall Mall" had destroyed Forster, and, in undermining the Liberal belief in the coercion of Ireland, made Home Rule inevitable. This Chamberlain, intent on British reforms, failed to see. The Morley-Chamberlain *entente* had not extended to the more Conservative Gladstone. But Morley's anti-Jingoism, anti-Imperialism, was of Gladstone, not of Chamberlain. It formed the introduction to the older man's real heart and counsels; and when Chamberlain, personally piqued and morally *froissé*, refused Home Rule, Morley's lieutenantcy in the Irish campaign became inevitable.

We reserve the sequel for a second article. But we violate the order of the narrative so as to record its closing reflection. For indeed the failure of British Liberalism to conclude its Irish policy was only part of the shipwreck of the Liberal movement of Europe. On that event Lord Morley writes the following impressive valedictory:—

Wise students will not all of them too readily forget the desolating sentence of Gibbon, greatest of literary historians, that history is, indeed, little more than the register of the crimes, follies, and misfortunes of mankind. Reasons for remembering are only too vivid, but, as we pass, we have a right to quarrel with the two words 'little more.' Whatever we may say of Europe between Waterloo and Sedan, in our country, at least, it was an epoch of hearts uplifted with hope, and brains active with sober and manly reason for the common good. Some ages are marked as sentimental, others stand conspicuous as rational. The Victorian age was happier than most in the flow of both these currents into a common stream of vigorous and effective talent. New truths were welcomed in free minds, and free minds make brave men. Old prejudices were disarmed. Fresh principles were set afloat, and supported by the right reasons. The standards of ambition rose higher and purer. Men learned to care more for one another. Sense of proportion among the claims of leading questions to the world's attention became more wisely tempered. The rational prevented the sentimental from falling into pure emotional. Bacon was prince in intellect and large wisdom of the world, yet it was Bacon who penned that deep appeal from thought to feeling. 'The nobler a soul is, the more objects of compassion it hath.' This of the great Elizabethan was one prevailing note in our Victorian age. The splendid expansion and enrichment of Toleration and all the ideas and modes that belong to Toleration was

another. In my various parleying with the Catholic clergy in Ireland, I was sometimes asked in reproachful jest what my friend Voltaire would have said. As if Voltaire's genius did not include more than one man's share of common sense, and as if common sense did not find a Liberalist advance, for instance, in the principle of a free church in a free state!

"A painful interrogatory, I must confess, emerges. Has not your school—the Darwins, Spencers, Renans, and the rest—held the civilized world, both old and new alike, European and transatlantic, in the hollow of their hands for two long generations past? Is it quite clear that their influence has been so much more potent than the gospel of the various churches? *Circumspice*. Is not diplomacy, unkindly called by Voltaire the field of lies, as able as it ever was to dupe governments and governed by grand abstract catchwords veiling obscure and inexplicable purposes, and turning the whole world over with blood and tears to a strange Witches' Sabbath? These were queries of pith and moment indeed, but for something better weighed and more deliberative than an autumn reverie.

"Now and then I paused as I sauntered slow over the fading heather. My little humble friend, squat on her haunches, looked wistfully up, eager to resume her endless hunt after she knows not what, just like the chartered metaphysician. So to my home in the falling daylight."

## RODÓ.

"José Enrique Rodó: Cinco Ensayos." (Madrid: Sociedad Española de Librería, 1915. Pesetas 3.50.)

A FEW months ago José Enrique Rodó died at Palermo on his way from South America to France. This statement probably conveys no meaning, and it may even be that it is here made for the first time in England. We live, still with a certain degree of safety, in a remote island, wrapped round by northern mists which deaden all the rumors of the world, and its finer voices only penetrate to us, if at all, from afar, slowly and with difficulty. South America we associate with various miscellaneous things, perhaps—mostly unpleasant. We seldom think of it—even if we happen to have been there—as a land of poets and artists and critics. So it can scarcely be surprising that few among us know so much as the name of South America's best writer, who was also the best writer anywhere in the Castilian speech, and one of the most distinguished spirits of our time.

Our ignorance may seem the more ungracious if we learn that Rodó's most remarkable essay—his whole work may be said to be comprehended in some half-dozen long essays—is called "Ariel." This sensitive and exalted thinker, familiar with the finest culture of Europe, found the symbol of his aspirations for the world in the English poet's "Tempest." "Ariel" is the long monologue (extending to a hundred pages) of a teacher who once more gathers his old disciples around him in his study, dominated by a bronze statue of the Shakespearean spirit of the air at the moment when Prospero gives him his freedom. "Ariel symbolizes the ideal goal to which human selection tends, eliminating with the patient chisel of life the tenacious vestiges of Caliban, symbol of sensuality and torpor."

Prospero—for so his disciples have named him—discourses on the art of living. For Rodó believes that "virtue is a kind of art, a divine art," and the moral law "an aesthetics of conduct." To live in the finest sense is to exercise a free creative activity which passes beyond interested and material ends, to cultivate the leisure of the interior life, and from that centre to organize the beauty and harmony of society. To enforce this point of view, Rodó, beneath the mask of Prospero, analyzes at length the spirit of the civilization of the United States. He refrains from insinuating—such a suggestion would be alien to his gracious and sympathetic attitude—that this spirit is symbolized by Caliban. He admires, though he is unable to love or altogether to approve, the spirit of North America, and his penetrating analysis never even remotely verges on harshness or scorn. He distinctly believes, however, that the utilitarian conception of human destiny, and equality in mediocrity as the social rule, constitute in their intimate combination the spirit of Americanism. If it can be said that Utilitarianism is the Word of the English spirit, then the United States is the Word made flesh. Rodó by no means implies that the same spirit may not be found also in South America. On the contrary, he declares that there is in the South an increasing Nordomania, but he regards it as







# "THREE STARS AND AN M.C."

## THE CAPTAIN'S REPORT

**B**REVITY is the distinguishing note of the answer recently returned by a Captain (with the B.E.F.) to the straight question, What advantages have you gained from Pelmanism?

His reply was:—

**"Three Stars,  
A Military Cross and  
A Clearer Head."**

Concise and emphatic! He is not the only officer who has frankly attributed his "honours" to Pelmanism, and there are hundreds of officers who place their promotion to the credit of this remarkable system of mind training. A Lieut.-Colonel states that his promotion was "a direct consequence" of what he had gained from Lesson 2; whilst the Captain of a fine cruiser records the gratifying fact that he was promoted to his command, not by seniority but as a result of Pelmanism. A Major, again, thanks the Pelman System for his D.S.O.

And these cases are literally typical of hundreds. An entire issue of "The Nation" could very easily be filled simply with letters from naval and military officers who have written to the Pelman Institute to express their thanks for the benefit derived from the Course. Scepticism in face of such overwhelming evidence would be folly.

It is this unanswerable logic of facts which has so completely broken down prejudice. In the early days—when "Pelmanism" was a comparatively unknown factor—one naturally hesitated to take the published statements "on faith." Mr. George R. Sims recently wrote that he accepted them *cum grano salis*—until he found, upon investigation, that there was no exaggeration whatever. A London Solicitor even goes so far as to say, "I used to think the claims made for Pelmanism must be fantastic: now I consider them to be understatement of the truth."

## The Natural Sequel

Others had the same experience. The consequence is that to-day there are 37 Generals, 6 Admirals, over 300 Colonels and Naval Captains, and nearly 4,000 other officers!—making, with N.C.O.'s and men, 10,000 on active service who are practising Pelmanism.

These facts are amazing to those who have no knowledge of the System. But a very slight acquaintance with it satisfies one that there is not an officer of H. M. Army or Navy who would not be well-advised to take the Pelman course.

A very well-known General quite recently sent one of his staff-officers to enrol: the General had only got through a quarter of the Course at that time. Quite a large number of Commanders have paid the Pelman Course a similar compliment.

## Business Men and "Pelmanism"

It is the same in the business world. Here, of course, financial ambitions are the primary motive. Many men (and women) have reported 100 per cent., 200 per cent.,

300 per cent., and even greater increases of income due to the adoption of Pelmanism. The ultimate object is different, but the road is the same—Efficiency. Pelmanism has brought that ancient shibboleth into the realm of practical politics.

Here is a striking case, quite a typical one: A large Midland firm caused one of their head men to enrol for the Pelman Course a few months ago. His progress was noted carefully, the result being that within three months eight members of the firm applied for enrolment, including the Managing Director, Secretary, Works Manager, &c.

## "TRUTH'S Verdict

"TRUTH" made the work of the Pelman Institute the subject of a searching inquiry. The fearlessly critical attitude of the famous journal makes its judgment valuable to the entire English-speaking world.

"TRUTH'S" opinion is significantly summarised in the following sentence:—

**"The advice which sends a student to the  
"Pelman Institute is not likely to be regretted  
"either by him who gives or by him who  
"takes it, since it is founded on an honest  
"conclusion drawn from indisputable facts."  
(*"TRUTH,"* May 30, 1917.)**

A Student of the Course recently wrote: "If people only knew, the doors of the Pelman Institute would be literally besieged by eager applicants." Even as a purely social and intellectual factor, Pelmanism well repays the few hours required for its study. As a 'Varsity man wrote:—

"It inculcates a clean, thorough, courageous method  
"of playing the game of Life—admirably suited to the  
"English temperament, and should prove moral salva-  
"tion to many a business man. 'Success,' too, would  
"follow,—but I consider this as secondary."

## Qualities Developed

Following the intensely interesting lessons and exercises, the students of Pelmanism rapidly develop a brilliant Memory, strong Will Power, complete power of Concentration, quick Decision, sound Judgment, an ability to reason clearly, to converse attractively, to Organize and Manage, and to conduct their work and social duties with Tact, Courage, Self-Confidence, and Success. All mental weaknesses and defects are, on the other hand, eliminated—such as Mind-wandering, Forgetfulness, Weak Will, Aimlessness, Bashfulness, Self-consciousness, the "Worry Habit," &c., &c. The Course is taught entirely by post, and all correspondence is strictly confidential.

The Directors of the Institute have arranged a substantial reduction in the fee to enable readers of THE NATION to secure the complete course with a minimum outlay.

**To get the Benefit of this liberal offer  
application should be made at once by post  
card or by letter to the address below.**

A full description of the Pelman Course is given in "Mind and Memory," a free copy of which (together with "TRUTH'S" special report on "Pelmanism," and particulars showing how to secure the Course for one-third less than the usual fee) will be sent post free to all readers of THE NATION who send to The Pelman Institute, 97, Wenham House, Bloomsbury Street, London, W.C. 1.

**Overseas Addresses: 46, Market Street, Melbourne; 15,  
Toronto Street, Toronto; Club Arcade, Dublin.**

opposed to the genius of Latin America, a mere artificial "snobisme" in the political sphere. It is necessary, even for the sake of America as a whole, that Latin America should jealously guard the original character of its collective personality, for nearly all luminous and fruitful epochs of history have been, as in Greece with the poles of Athens and Sparta, the result of two distinct correlated forces; the preservation of the original duality of America, while maintaining a genial and emulatory difference, at the same time favors concord and solidarity.

"In the beginning was action"; in those words which Goethe set at the outset of "Faust," Rodó remarks, the historian might begin the history of the North American Republic. Its genius is that of force in movement. Will is the chisel which has carved this people out of hard stone and given it a character of originality and daring. It possesses an insatiable aspiration to cultivate all human activities, to model the torso of an athlete for the heart of a freeman. The indiscriminating efforts of its virile energy, even in the material sphere, are saved from vulgarity by a certain epic grandeur.

Yet, asks Rodó, can this powerful nation be said to be realizing, even tending to realize, the legitimate demands, moral, intellectual, and spiritual, of our civilization? Is this feverish restlessness, centupling the movement and intensity of life, expended on objects that are truly worth while? Can we find in this land even an approximate image of the perfect city?

North American life seems, indeed, to Rodó, to proceed in that vicious circle which Pascal described as the course of the pursuit of well-being which has no end outside itself. Its Titanic energy of material aggrandizement produces a singular impression of insufficiency and vacuity. This people has not known how to replace the inspiring idealism of the past by a high and disinterested conception of the future, and so lives only in the immediate reality of the present. The genial positivism of England, it seemed to Rodó, has here been deprived of that idealism which was a deep source of sensibility beneath the rough utilitarian surface of the English spirit, ready to gush forth in a limpid stream when the art of a Moses struck the rock. English aristocratic institutions, however politically unjust and out of date, set up a bulwark to vulgar mercantilism which the American Republic removed, but left unreplaced. So it is that we find in the United States a radical inaptitude for selection, a general disorder of the ideal faculties, a total failure to realize the supreme spiritual importance of leisure. They have attained the satisfaction of their vanity of material magnificence, but they have not acquired the tone of fine taste. They pronounce with solemn and emphatic accent the word "art," but they have not been able to conceive that divine activity, for their febrile sensationism excludes its noble serenity. Neither the idealism of beauty nor the idealism of truth arouses their passion, and their war against ignorance results in a general semi-culture combined with languor of high culture. Nature has not granted them the genius for propaganda by beauty or for apostolic vocation by the attraction of love. Bartholdi's statue of Liberty over New York awakens no such emotion of religious veneration as the ancient traveller felt when he saw emerge from the diaphanous nights of Attika the gleam of Athene's golden spear on the height of the Acropolis.

Just as in the main this analysis may be, it will occur to some readers that Rodó has perhaps attributed too fixed a character to North American civilization, and has hardly taken into adequate account those germs of recent expansion which may well bring the future development of the United States nearer to his ideals. It must be admitted, indeed, that if he had lived a few months longer, Rodó might have seen confirmation in the swift thoroughness, even exceeding that of England, with which the United States on entering the war sought to suppress that toleration for freedom of thought and speech which he counted so precious, shouting with characteristic energy the battle-cry of all the belligerents: "Hush, don't think; only feel and act!" with a pathetic faith that the affectation of external uniformity means inward cohesion—a method of "self-inflicted camouflage," as Professor Dewey has ingeniously termed it in a recent article on the Conscription of Thought which Rodó might have inspired. Still, Rodó himself recognized that, even as already manifested, the work of the United

States is not lost for what he would call "the interests of the soul." It has been said that the mercantilism of the Italian Republics paid the expenses of the Renaissance, that the spices and ivory of Lorenzo di Medici renewed the Symposia of Plato. Similarly, the alphabet, which has given immortality to speech, originated in Phœnician business factories. There is in civilization a transformation of force, by which the material becomes the spiritual, and provided that process is carried through, it seemed to Rodó, the North American Republic will escape the fate of Nineveh and Sidon and Carthage. Ariel is, for Rodó, the ultimate outcome of that process, the instinct of perfectibility, the ascension of the organized forms of Nature into the flaming sphere of spirit.

It will be seen that, alike in his criticism of life and his criteria of progress, Rodó remains essentially democratic. He is altogether out of sympathy with the anti-democratic conception of life often associated with Nietzsche's doctrine of the superman. He waived politely aside the affirmation of Bourget that the triumph of democracy would mean the defeat of civilization, and greatly as he admired the genius of Renan, he refused to believe that a concern for ideal interests is opposed to the democratic spirit; such beliefs indeed would be the condemnation of Latin America as much as of Anglo-Saxon America. Rodó accepts democracy, but on that basis he insists on the need for selection. Even in Nature, he remarks, among flowers and insects and birds and onwards, we see natural selection favoring superiority and ensuring the triumph of beauty. It is not the destruction but the education of democracy which is needed in order to further this process of natural selection. Rodó held that it is the duty of the State to render possible the uniform revelation of human superiorities wherever they exist. "Democratic equality is the most efficacious instrument of spiritual selection." Democracy alone can conciliate equality at the outset with an inequality at the end which gives full scope for the best and most apt to work towards the good of the whole. So considered, democracy becomes a struggle not to reduce all to the lowest common level, but to raise all towards the highest degree of possible culture. Democracy in this sense retains within itself an imprescriptible element of aristocracy, which lies in establishing the superiority of the best with the consent of all; but on this basis it becomes essential that the qualities regarded as superior are really the best, and not merely qualities immobilized in a special class or caste, and protected by special privileges. The only aristocracy possible on a democratic basis is one of morality and culture. Superiority in the hierarchical order must be superiority in the capacity to love. That truth, Rodó declares, will remain rooted in human belief "so long as it is possible to arrange two pieces of wood in the form of a cross."

In "Ariel" Rodó never directly brings South America on to the scene. He would gladly, one divines, claim for his own continent the privilege of representing Ariel. But he realized that much remains to do before that becomes possible. His love for his own country is embodied in three of his finest and latest essays, concerned with the three noblest figures of South America in different fields. In the first of these he deals with the greatest figure of South America in the sphere of action, Bolivar, "the South American Napoleon." In the second, he discusses attractively the life and environment of Juan Montalvo, the greatest prose writer of South America, with whose name Rodó's is now associated. In the third, he shows all his delicate critical discrimination in estimating the work of Rubén Darío, who was, as Rodó points out, not so much the greatest poet of South America as of contemporary Spain, an imaginative figure of world-wide interest. In these essays Rodó is revealed as the unfailingly calm and lucid critic, discriminating and sympathetic, possessed of a style which, with its peculiar personal impress of combined gravity and grace, rendered him, in the opinion of good Spanish judges, the greatest contemporary master of the Castilian tongue.

That Rodó realized how far the finer spirits of South America yet are from completely moulding their own land to their ideals we may gather from various episodes of his work. He was not able to regard South America, any more than North America, as to-day a congenial soil for art. If he disliked the intolerant spirit of utilitarian materialism







# Stolen Brains

BY

## KATE EVEREST

*Author of "The Shadow on the Purple,"*

*"Lady Beaufoy," etc., etc.*

COVER DESIGN BY  
BARRIBAL

Published by

JOHN RICHMOND

14-15, CONDUIT STREET, LONDON, W. 1

PRICE 6s.



## RECENT VICTORIES in the Holy Land

### The CAPTURE of GAZA & BEERSHEBA

has opened up large areas for relief work, and FOOD, CLOTHING and MEDICINES are already being distributed to the starving and destitute peoples. Relief is given to all in need, Christian, Jew & Arab alike

### £50,000 NEEDED AT ONCE

Send your donation TO-DAY to the Secretary, Syria and Palestine Relief Fund, 110, Victoria St., Westminster, S.W. 1

## J. M. DENT & SONS Ltd.

MESSRS. DENT are publishing for the Y.M.C.A.

### THE OLD COUNTRY

3/6  
net

A Book of Love and Praise of England. Beautifully illustrated in Colour and Line. Edited by Ernest Rhys, and containing contributions by all the leading writers of the present day.

3/6  
net

When this Edition is sold Messrs. Dent will pay £1,000 to the Y.M.C.A.

Knapsack size. Send it to the boys for Christmas.

### PEBBLES ON THE SHORE

4/6  
net

By "Alpha of the Plough" With ninety illustrations by C. E. Brock. The book of Essays by a well-known writer which were declared to be "triumphs of personality."

4/6  
net

### JUST PUBLISHED. The First Part of TOLSTOY'S DIARIES—

YOUTH. Vol. I. (1847-52)

5/-  
net

Authorised Edition. Published under the direction of Dr. C. T. HAGBERG WRIGHT. Portraits in Photogravure. *Daily News*:—"Reveals the soul of Tolstoy and explains the mystery of his power over European thought for the last fifty years."

5/-  
net

### TWENTY-TWO GOBLINS

A MAGNIFICENT COLOUR BOOK

7/6  
net

Folk Tales translated from the Sanskrit by Arthur W. Ryder. With 20 coloured plates from drawings by Perham W. Nahl. Fcap. 4to, cloth.

7/6  
net

### WE OF ITALY By K. R. STEEGE

4/6  
net

The Thoughts of Italy on the War as shown in the letters of her soldiers to their loved ones at home. Cloth, Cr. 8vo.

4/6  
net

### ON THE WINGS OF THE MORNING

4/6  
net

By ARTHUR GRANT. Literary Essays on Visits to Various Parts of Britain. Cloth, Cr. 8vo.

4/6  
net

### THE BLESSED BIRTHDAY

2/6  
net

By FLORENCE CONVERSE. With 3 coloured illustrations. Cloth. A beautiful dramatic story of the Child Jesus and His young companions, cast in the form of a mystery play. A beautiful and appropriate present for Christmas.

2/6  
net

### THE SPRING OF JOY

2/6  
net

By MARY WEBB. Described as "A Little Book of Healing," and designed to show to those who are weary and discouraged the comfort that can be found in Nature.

2/6  
net

PLEASE SEND FOR "DENT'S CHRISTMAS LIST"  
TO 8 ALDINE HOUSE, BEDFORD ST., W.C. 2



in the North, he equally opposed the intolerance of Jacobinism in the South. This is brought out in an admirable series of letters, entitled "Liberalismo y Jacobinismo," suggested by the action of the Charity Commissioners in removing all images of the Crucified Christ from the walls of hospitals, suppressing them, not as objects of worship (for that had already been done), but even as symbols. Rodó criticizes this action not from the point of view of Christianity, which is not his, but from that of a sympathetic and tolerant Liberalism, which he opposes to the spirit of Jacobinism. By Jacobinism he means, in fair agreement with Taine, a mental attitude of absolute dogmatism, necessarily implying intolerance, on the basis of rationalistic free thought. Flaubert's Homais is its immortal embodiment. Rodó admirably analyzes this attitude, and shows how, with all its clear logical thoroughness, it is out of touch with the complexities of life and lacks the sense for human realities. Rodó sees that true free thought, far from being a mere rigid formula, is the result of an interior education which few can acquire. The attainment of toleration, of spiritual toleration, he regards as the great task of the past century, an affirmative and active toleration, "the great school of largeness in thought, of delicacy in sensibility, of perfectibility in character." He foresaw, even before the war, that there are troublous times ahead for freedom, but he saw, also, that even if but one soul should stand firm, there will be the palladium of human liberty.

Rodó was of the tribe of Quinet and Renan, of Fouillée and especially Guyau. Like those fine spirits, he desired to be the messenger of sweetness and of light, of the spirit of Jesus combined with the spirit of Athens, and the intolerance of rationalism seemed to him as deadly a poison to civilization as that of Christianity. In his steady devotion to this combined ideal Rodó may be said to be European, and more distinctively French. But in his adaptation of that ideal to the needs of his own land and his firm establishment of it on a democratic basis, he is the representative of South America. It was his final hope that out of the agony of this war there would emerge new ideals of life, new aspirations of art, in which Latin America, stirred by the world-wide shock, would definitely affirm its own conscious personality.

Rodó was an Uruguayan, of old and wealthy family, born forty-five years ago in Montevideo, where he spent nearly the whole of his life. On leaving the University of his native city, where in later years he himself lectured on Literature, his activities found some scope in journalism, and he was interested in politics, being at one time a Deputy in the Uruguayan Chamber. The mood of his earliest writings is one of doubt, anxiety, scepticism; he seems to be in expectation of some external revelation or revolution. But his own personal vision became gradually established. His revelation was not from without, but from within. He attained a rare serenity and lucidity, and remained always indifferent to applause. Indeed, amid the declamatory and impulsive extravagance which often marks the South American, it seemed to some that his attitude was the outcome of a temperament almost too calm and reasonable, and they recalled that neither in youth nor later had he been known to be in love. But Rodó's spirit was as large-hearted and sympathetic as it was penetrative and keen. When he died, in Sicily, suddenly and alone, on his way at last to visit the land of France, which he regarded as his intellectual home, he was exercising, it is said, a tranquil kind of spiritual royalty over the whole South American Continent. Henceforth his slender and very tall figure will no longer be seen striding rapidly through the streets of his native city, as his friend and fellow-countryman Barbagelata has described it, one arm swinging like an oar, and lifted aquiline face that recalled a condor of the Andes.

HAVELOCK ELLIS.

#### THE TESTIMONY OF AMBASSADOR GERARD.

"My Four Years in Germany." By JAMES W. GERARD. (Hodder & Stoughton. 7s. 6d. net.)

THOSE portions of Mr. Gerard's book which are, as the Germans would say, of "world-historical" importance, are already known to the world at large. The publication of the Kaiser's telegram to President Wilson, which completely

disposed of the German official justification for the invasion of Belgium, very nearly produced one more crisis in Germany. The precious *démenti* which the "Norddeutsche" published a week later, and which ended with the incredible words: "Possibly the Kaiser did write some such notes," very nearly proved too much even for German digestion. This, together with the terms which lay behind the German peace offer of December last, is already history.

Nevertheless, to read the book as a whole—though it is, in fact, very far from being a whole, save in the sense that it is now all included between two covers—is very valuable, particularly because one can satisfy oneself that, though Mr. Gerard's articles were written in haste, his judgment is not hasty. He has striven to be, and has been, scrupulously fair to Germany. He impresses us as an unbiassed, and even sympathetic, judge. He has a good word for the Crown Prince, and is all but enthusiastic over the virtues of the real Junker, whom, as he justly points out, the traveller in Germany never sees or knows:—

"There is no leisured class among the Junkers. They are all workers, patriotic, honest, and devoted to the Emperor and the Fatherland. If it is possible that government by one class is to be suffered, then the Prussian Junkers have proved themselves more fit for rule than any class in all history. Their virtues are Spartan, their minds narrow but incorruptible, and their bravery and patriotism undoubted. One can but admire them and their stern virtues. . . ."

On second thoughts, however, we are inclined to see in this so evident lack of bias, a bias of another kind. There is, strangely enough, more than a touch of the anti-democrat in Mr. Gerard. His treatment of the German Social Democrat is very unsympathetic, and he seems not to have realized to how great an extent the development and doctrines of such a party were shaped by its outlawry under a government confined to the Junker caste, nor, again, how much the Majority Socialists have forsaken their old impossibilist dogmas and become, for all practical purposes, a body of constitutional Radicals. Therefore, when he envisages the formation of a "great Liberal Party" in Germany, a security for peace, and as "the only defence of private property against the assault of an enraged and justly revengeful Social Democracy," he fails to see that if, as we also earnestly desire, that great Liberal Party is formed, it will gather its real strength from the bulk of the Socialist electorate. Only if the German Government is incredibly foolish—and the evidence of the Hertling appointments, now confirmed, tends all the other way—or if it is weak, and, yielding to Junker pressure, burks the reform of the Prussian Franchise, will it be faced after the war with anything resembling the Social Democracy of Bebel. Not because, as the interested do vainly aver, German Socialism has been false to the Internationale, but because German Socialists are, for the most part, human men, who are only too anxious to get out of the intolerable position into which a criminally stupid Government has forced them, and to become, what they should have been long ago, citizens of equal rights in a great commonwealth.

But this misconception of the psychology of the German Socialists is, after all, a trivial blemish on Mr. Gerard's book. The transparent honesty, the unmistakable effort to be fair—to tell the truth, Mr. Gerard achieves his aim in this without so very much effort—are of the greatest importance, and for one reason above all others. Mr. Gerard is convinced that the powers that be in Germany decided upon war for reasons of internal policy immediately after the Zabern incident, when the whole of the Reichstag, with the exception of the Conservative, passed a vote of no confidence in the Government. They then decided that the almost universal detestation of the arrogant military power should be swept away by a successful war, that there should be one more layer of the Bismarckian "cement of blood" spread over the rotten fabric of the State. Now this is a tremendous charge, the more tremendous because it is by its very nature incapable of exact and legal proof. Everything depends upon the character of the accuser. It is not without support in November, 1917. Mr. Gerard wrote when Bolo was still under the cover of chaos and old night. We know something of Bolo now; we know which was the paper he set himself to acquire. And it has an incredible effect when we read:—

"There was a belief in Germany that the French nation was degenerate and corrupt and unprepared for war.

**THE ONLY BRIGHT SPOT!**

No one perhaps is suffering more for the sake of his country than the British Prisoner of War. Some men have now spent years in the enemy camps, and absolutely the only bright spot in that horrible existence is the thought that some people at home realize what they are going through, and are doing all in their power to relieve their sufferings.

You may provide a bright spot to relieve their loneliness and desolation, and no cause surely could be more worthy of your support. Every donation, however small, helps, and will be gratefully received. The Royal Savoy Association is very desirous of breaking all records in the despatch of parcels between now and Christmas. Please, therefore, respond to this appeal as heartily as possible.

Over 50,000 parcels have already been sent.

Kindly send a donation at once to the

Rev. HUGH B. CHAPMAN,

7, Savoy Hill, London, W.C. 2.



**The ROYAL SAVOY ASSOCIATION**  
for the RELIEF OF BRITISH  
PRISONERS OF WAR

*Registered under the War Charities Act  
Authorised by the Central Prisoners of War Committee*

**FOUR LECTURES**

ON

**NATIONAL GUILDS:  
THE BASIS OF FREEDOM**

Will be delivered in the KINGSWAY HALL, Kingsway, W.C. on Tuesdays, Nov. 20, Dec. 4, Dec. 18, and Jan. 8, by

Mr. S. G. HOBSON, Mr. M. B. RECKITT,  
Mr. W. N. EWER and Mr. G. D. H. COLE

The Chair will be taken at 8 p.m. by Mr. G. K. Chesterton, Mr. George Lansbury, Mr. A. G. Walkden, and Mr. H. W. Massingham.

Admission 1s. Reserved Seats, 2s. 6d.  
Tickets for the Course of Four Lectures (Reserved) 5s.

Syllabus and Tickets may be obtained from the Secretary,  
National Guilds League,  
17, Acacia Road, N.W. 8

PLEASE NOTE ALTERED  
DATES AND MEETING PLACE

**THE ENGLISHWOMAN  
EXHIBITION OF  
ARTS AND HANDICRAFTS**

AT THE

CENTRAL HALL, WESTMINSTER

Daily, from 11 a.m. to 6 p.m.

*THE EXHIBITS will be very fully representative of  
interesting and useful Home Industries (special display of  
Beautiful Toys) and War Models, including a*

**MODEL OF THE ROYAL FREE HOSPITAL**

Admission 1s. The Englishwoman, 11 Haymarket, S.W. 1.

**MACMILLAN'S NEW BOOKS****RECOLLECTIONS**

BY

**VISCOUNT MORLEY, O.M.**

2 Vols. 8vo. 25s. net

**John Keats: His Life and  
Poetry, His Friends, Critics,  
and After-fame.** By Sir SIDNEY COLVIN.

With Portraits and other Illustrations. 8vo. 18s. net

*The Daily Graphic.*—"Sir Sidney Colvin has achieved high success. His enviable command of easy, graceful writing makes his pages delightful reading... there is hardly a page in this masterly book without its fresh light upon the life or art of its subject."

**Political Portraits.** By CHARLES WHIPLEY. 8vo. 7s. 6d. net

\*A series of studies of some of the great figures in English and European history.

**Highways and Byways in  
Wiltshire.** By EDWARD HUTTON. With

illustrations by NELLY ERICHSEN. Extra Crown 8vo. 6s. net

[Highways and Byways Series]

**NOTABLE NEW NOVELS**

WINSTON CHURCHILL

**The Dwelling-Place of Light.**

By WINSTON CHURCHILL. Author of "Richard Carvel," etc. Crown 8vo. 6s. net

*The Daily Chronicle.*—"It is a characteristically Churchill novel, spacious in conception, wide in its sweep of human nature acting on public affairs, and well written."

SECOND IMPRESSION

**Summer.** By EDITH WHARTON. Author of "The House of Mirth," etc. Crown 8vo. 6s. net

SECOND IMPRESSION

**Christine.** By ALICE CHOLMONDELEY. 6s. net

\*Macmillan's Catalogue of Books suitable for Presentation post free on application.

**MACMILLAN & CO. LTD., LONDON, W.C. 2**

**Sunday  
Times**

**LONDON'S  
BEST-INFORMED  
SUNDAY  
NEWSPAPER**

**ONE PENNY**

**DON'T SELL YOUR  
VICTORY LOAN.**

Write at once to The Prudential Assurance Co.,  
142, Holborn Bars, E.C. 1, or to any of its Agents.

This belief became conviction when, in the debates of the French Senate, Senator Humbert, early in 1914, publicly exposed what he claimed to be the weakness and unpreparedness of France. . . ."

The Zabern debate took place in the early days of December, 1913. It may be only a nightmare, but that coincidence has haunted many other minds than ours.

Mr. Gerard, then, though he does not prove it to us, goes some way to convincing us that the military authorities in Germany had made up their minds to take the first opportunity, or to make one if none appeared, of war. But still there was the civil power, far weaker indeed than with us, but at least embarked on a timid policy of conciliation and capable of resistance. How was it overcome? The story of Bethmann-Hollweg's belated and unsuccessful, but honest and honorable effort to resist is known to all who care for these things. But what Mr. Gerard gives us is what the French critic would call the psychological *donnée* of the tragic comedy. We have been accustomed to call Bethmann-Hollweg weak, and perhaps he was weak in preferring to sacrifice his own convictions to the endeavor to keep a moderating hand upon the raging beast of military "ruthlessness." But, in truth, this appears a tragic *ἀμυρία* rather than a weakness when we see, so plainly as we do in Mr. Gerard's work, the incredible power of the beast with which he had to contend. Mr. Gerard does not elaborate the theme; wisely, for the effect is increased by his reticence; but his account of his struggles to bring pressure to bear through the civil arm upon the military to reform the conditions of the prisoners' camps tells one infinitely more than any debate on the censorship or the "Schutzhaft" in the Reichstag. Not only the Chancellor, but the Prussian War Minister himself was practically impotent to restrain the tyrannical authority of any retired general in command of an army district.

" . . . This was only one of the many times when I complained to the Chancellor about the condition of prisoners. I am sure that he did not approve of the manner in which prisoners of war in Germany were treated, but he always complained that he was powerless where the military were concerned, and always referred me to Bismarck's memoirs. . . ."

One of the conditions which the Majority parties put forward, and which Hertling has accepted, is to draw a sharp dividing line between the civil and the military power in Germany. Can he succeed? Dare he even make an effort to succeed? "Many people in a position to know," says Mr. Gerard, "told me that the real dictator of Germany was Ludendorff." We believe it; but with limitations. And Mr. Gerard himself did not stay in Germany long enough to see a Chancellor (whose principal title to the office was that he was Ludendorff's subservient creature) forced out of office in three months by the Reichstag.

The estimates of men are interesting. Mr. Gerard thinks "it would have been easier to make peace with Bethmann-Hollweg at the helm. The whole world knows and honors him for his honesty." Mr. Gerard evidently does not know that the whole world, for England at least, is bedrid by the Northcliffe Colossus. Helfferich is "a powerful and agile intellect; a man, we are sure, opposed to militarism, reasonable in his views." Curious that it was Helfferich's cavalier defence of an intolerable military action on October 10th last, that finally nerved the Reichstag, which has long disliked him, to insist on his removal. "Beware of the wily Kühlmann." Mr. Gerard sees him merely as a clever Zimmermann, without what he assures us is Zimmermann's Liberalism. But has ever Mr. Gerard actually met von Kühlmann? He was in London before the war, and at the Hague and Constantinople during it. The verdict sounds like hearsay. We believe that von Kühlmann is something more than wily.

Mr. Gerard wrote his book in what we may suppose to have been the enthusiasm of a new belligerent for a just cause. Even the "Times" would allow that he was no "crypto-pacifist," and Mr. Bottomley that he had not, like General Smuts, been "got at." Yet what is Mr. Gerard's considered conclusion?

"I have already expressed a belief that Germany will not be forced to make peace because of a revolution, and that sufficient food will somehow be found to carry the population through, at least, another year of war. What, then, offers a prospect of reasonable peace—supposing, of course, that the Germans fail in the submarine blockade of Great Britain and that the crumbling up of Russia does

not release from the Eastern frontier soldiers enough to break through the lines of the British and French in France? I think that it is only by an evolution of Germany herself towards Liberalism that the world will be given such guarantees of future peace as will justify the termination of this war."

We have shown, in our comment on Mr. Gerard's estimate of the Socialists, that the formation of a great Liberal party in Germany is even nearer than he imagines; though he considers it near enough. But that verdict of Mr. Gerard is a complete vindication, from a witness whom we respect, of the policy of THE NATION. Let us hope that some extra-supernumerary member of the War Cabinet will have time to read the book, and read aloud this passage at least to his colleagues.

"The Compleat Schoolmarm." (B. H. Blackwell.)

In our review of this book the author should have been given as Helen Hamilton.

## The Week in the City.

SINCE last week the Stock Exchange has had little to console it, for the Italian tragedy deepens slowly, and Mr. Lloyd George's speech in Paris seemed to strike a note of pessimism, while the fall of the French Premier was another bad omen. However, though Stock Exchange prices have been dull, there has been nothing in the nature of a collapse. The sharp fall in Scandinavian securities was no surprise, but the recovery which followed showed that the demand from the prosperous financiers of Norway, Sweden, and Denmark is continuous. It is said, moreover, that they are in a bullish mood expecting an early peace. Public finance here is still unsatisfactory. The new National War Bonds are not going well enough to prevent a rapid increase in outstanding Treasury Bills.

### ROLLS-ROYCE PROFITS.

In March last the directors of Rolls-Royce Ltd. declared a dividend of 10 per cent. for the year ended October 31st, 1916, as against 5 per cent. for the previous year, and although no accounts were presented, it was at once realized that the company must have had a successful year. That anticipation is confirmed by the publication of a statement which shows that the net profit for the year ended October 31st, 1916, amounted to £82,640, as compared with £44,171 for 1914-15, and that with £31,745 brought into the accounts, there is an available balance of £114,116. After paying the 10 per cent. dividend, £30,000 is set aside for income-tax (and presumably excess profits tax) reserve, and £20,000 is placed to the debt guarantee account, while the balance carried forward is raised to £44,110. It will therefore be seen that an ample margin has been left for doubling the dividend.

### RUBBER PLANTATIONS INVESTMENT TRUST.

The doubling of the dividend of the Rubber Plantations Investment Trust—namely, from 3 to 6 per cent.—for the year ended March 31st last was not as much as some optimists had expected, but the report just issued shows that the directors have preferred to make use of largely increased profits for strengthening the financial position of the company. In spite of its name, the company is largely a plantation-owning company, the larger proportion of which are planted with tea. Of its investments, 60 per cent. are in rubber, 33 per cent. in tea, and 6 per cent. in tobacco and kindred companies. Profits for the year amounted to £121,100 as against £72,400 for the previous year, and consisted of £46,600 from investments, as against £57,300, and £74,500 as against £15,100 from the sales of its produce. Owing to a large reduction in temporary loans, interest was reduced from £17,500 to £1,400, as the net profits amounted to £112,300 as against £48,000. After payment of the 6 per cent. dividend, there remains £57,100 to be carried forward. A reserve account of £500,000 is credited this year by taking £104,600 from the balance brought forward from last year's accounts, and transferring the balance at the credit of premiums account. Investments showed a surplus over book values of £328,000 at the March valuation, while temporary loans to the extent of £135,800 have been wiped off, leaving only £14,700 outstanding, which is secured by a deposit of £50,000 5 per cent. War Loan. The company has thus strengthened its balance-sheet to a considerable extent.

LUCELUM.





## Ward off Overstrain

**E**nfeeblement of nervous energy is produced by overstrain rendering the sufferer incapable of sustained effort during the day and sleepless at night. The digestive process is usually impaired and the stomach resents solid food.

The 'Allenburys' DIET is a thoroughly dependable nourishment. It is acceptable to the most fastidious, restores disordered digestion and completely nourishes the body.

Make a practice of taking a cup of the 'Allenburys' DIET last thing at night before retiring; you will find that it soothes the nerves, and ensures refreshing sleep and digestive rest.

The Food that Sustains.

**The Allenburys' DIET**  
For Adults

No Cooking or Cow's Milk required. Made with boiling water only.

In Tins at 2/- and 4/- of Chemists.  
Allen & Hanburys Ltd., London.



See that he carries the pen that needs no push—the pen that makes letter-writing easy and delightful—the W.H.S.

Efficient—on all points. Designed for efficiency—built for it. Fills itself in a way that is rapid, clean and efficient. Writes always with an even flow because its "feed" is efficient—writes with a pleasing touch because its 14-carat gold nib is efficient. All-round efficiency is vouched for by the 2-year guarantee. Made in 72 styles.

Every pen guaranteed for two years. Leaflet free from Proprietors: W. H. Smith & Son, Manufacturing Stationers, Kean Street, Kingsway, London W.C.

46

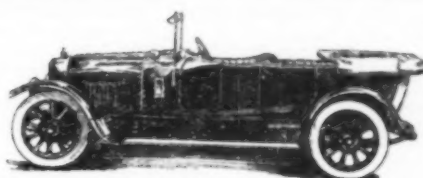
THE W.H.S. PEN

Of all Stationers.

**Chelspa**

per 1/- bottle

The Cheltenham Natural Aperient Water—For Constipation Gout, Obesity—All Chemists & Stores



**Crossley Cars**

FOR nearly 60 years the name of Crossley has meant Engineering efficiency—absolute and dependable efficiency. It has stood, too, for progressiveness, for quality in workmanship, and for an upright and honourable trading policy. For this great period of time the firm of Crossley has been performing world-wide work of public service, work which represents the highest attainment of science and the highest possible degree of engineering skill. The Crossley "After-the-War" motor car, a product of the same great organisation which for years has placed upon the market a model which has been universally accepted as "The Quality Car," will be well worth waiting for.

The sign of



the Quality Car

**CROSSLEY MOTORS LTD.**  
Builders of Quality Cars.  
MANCHESTER



**You can rely**



By Appointment Makers to H.M. the King and Queen.

upon Rowntree's Elect Cocoa. Its quality is of the very highest—its flavour is delightful—its food value is beyond question—and it is readily digested.

The young and strong, the aged and infirm—all will find it agreeable and beneficial. Try it for breakfast and supper!

**Rowntree's**  
**ELECT Cocoa**

Make Rowntree's Cocoa the family cocoa.

**CROHAM HURST SCHOOL**, near South Croydon.

House built for the purpose in healthy and beautiful situation. Aim of education to cultivate wide interests and intelligent habits of work. Special encouragement given to leisure pursuits and individual reading. Hockey, Tennis, Swimming, Riding.

Pupils prepared for University.

Full domestic course for senior pupils and external students.

Principals—Miss Theodora R. Clark and Miss K. M. Ellis.

**PINEHURST, CROWBOROUGH (SUSSEX).**

Country School for Girls.

House in grounds on edge of Moorland, between 600 and 700 feet above sea level.

Principal, Miss H. T. NEILD, M.A. (Vict.), Class. Tripos (Camb.).

Prospectus on application.

FOUNDED 1811.

**CATERHAM SCHOOL, SURREY.**

Healthy Situation. Moderate Fees.

Entrance Scholarships.

Apply to Head Master for Prospectus, &c.

**THE LEYS SCHOOL, CAMBRIDGE. SCHOLARSHIPS EXAMINATION IN DECEMBER.**

Particulars from "Public Schools Year Book" or the Bureau.

**SUB-EDITOR TO IMPORTANT WEEKLY PAPER.** Advertisers require the services of a thoroughly competent Sub-Editor, able to take charge in the absence of Editor. Must be a cultivated writer, having a thorough knowledge of English literature and some knowledge of country pursuits. Previous journalistic experience a recommendation; man or woman; good salary.—Write Box No. 896, c/o Street's, 8, Serle Street, W.C.

**FREE RELIGIOUS MOVEMENT** towards World-Religion and World-Brotherhood, Steinway Hall, Lower Seymour Street, off Portman Square, London, W. Service every Sunday at 11 a.m. Address by Rev. Walter Walsh, D.D.

**AUTHORS.**—We offer PRIZES of £10, £5, and £2 for a **SHORT STORY, ARTICLE, and POEM** respectively. Also £100 for a **NOVEL or SERIAL**.—No entrance fees or deductions. Stamp for prospectus.—(Dept. N.) Cambridge Literary Agency, 8, Henrietta-street, London, W.C. 2.

**THACKERAY HOTEL** (Temperance)

**GREAT RUSSELL STREET, LONDON, W.C. 1.**

Passenger Lifts. Bath-rooms on every floor. Lounge and Spacious Dining, Drawing, Writing, Reading, Billiards and Smoking Rooms. All Floors Fire-proof. Perfect Sanitation. Night Porter. Telephone. BEDROOM, Breakfast, Bath and attendance, 6/6 per night per person. Full Tariff and Testimonials post free on application.

Telegraphic Address—"Thackeray, Westcent, London." Telephone—Museum 1230 (3 lines).

**BATH.**

**WALDRON'S Private Hotel**, Queen's Sq. Nr. Park & Mineral Baths.

**AT BOURNEMOUTH HYDRO.**

IDEAL RESIDENCE.

RESIDENT PHYSICIAN.

Swim Lounge.

Turkish Baths.

Massage.

Lift.

**BOURNEMOUTH.**

**SILVERHOW.** Boarding Est. West Cliff Gardens. From 15s. week.

**THE QUEEN**, Bath Road. Miss Tye.

Central. Board and Residence, 38/6 to 5 guineas weekly.

**BRIGHTON.**

**THE HOTEL METROPOLE.** Fred. T. Parnment, Manager.

**LIVERPOOL.**

**LAURENCE'S TEMPERANCE HOTEL.** Clayton Square.

**LYNTON (Devon).**

**ROYAL CASTLE FAMILY HOTEL.** Grounds 9 acres.

**OLDHAM HOUSE HYDROS.** Tennis, Bowls, Baths. From 5s.

**MATLOCK.**

**ROCKSIDE HYDRO.** Turkish, Continental, and Electric Baths.

**SMEDLEY'S HYDRO Establishment.** Estab. 1853. H. Challand.

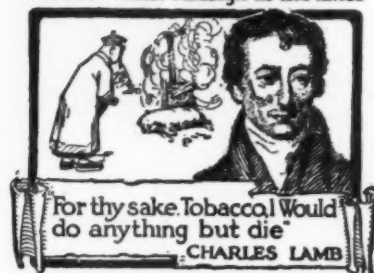
**SOUTHPORT.**

**ROWNTREE'S CAFE**, Lord St. Hot Lunch, Afternoon Teas. Tel. 647.

**"THE NATION" SUBSCRIPTION RATES.**

Inland—Yearly .....	28s. 2d. post free.
6 Months .....	14s. 1d. " "
3 Months .....	7s. 1d. " "
Foreign—per annum .....	30s. " "

"The Sister of Literature Tobacco"  
Prof Sir Walter Raleigh in the Times

**PLAYER'S NAVY MIXTURE**

"Pipe Perfect"

IN THREE STRENGTHS—

White Label.

Mild and Medium.

**7<sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub> D.**

**8<sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub> D.**

Per oz.

Per oz.

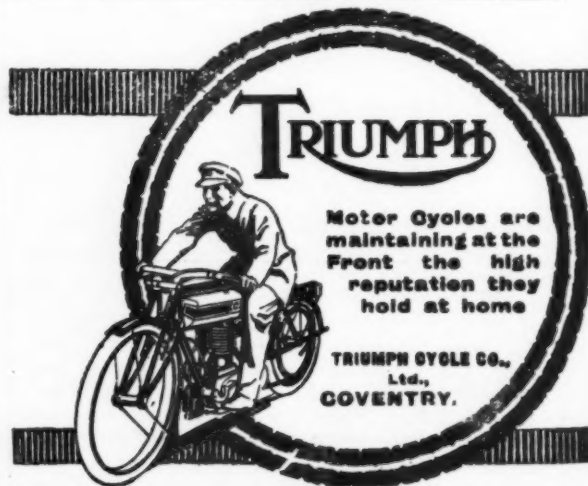
This Tobacco is also supplied at Duty Free Rates for the purpose of gratuitous distribution to wounded Soldiers and Sailors in Hospital.

Terms and particulars on application to

**JOHN PLAYER & SONS, Nottingham.**

P. 558

Branch of the Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd.

**APPOINTMENTS VACANT.****CORNWALL EDUCATION COMMITTEE.**

**St. Austell County School (Mixed).**

WANTED immediately, for the duration of the War, ASSISTANT MASTER (ineligible for Military Service) or MISTRESS. Special subject, Chemistry.

Commencing Salary: Master, £180.

Mistress, £140.

Application to be made on forms which may be obtained by sending stamped addressed foolscap envelope to the Acting Head Master, County School, St. Austell.

WANTED FOR GOVERNMENT OFFICE WORK in London. Women of British parentage and nationality, between the ages of twenty-two and fifty, who are capable of reading correspondence in one or both of the following languages:—

(1) Portuguese;

(2) Dutch.

—Apply Box W/99, c/o Willing's, 125, Strand, W.C.

Short  
Rations  
in

**"Pesco"**  
**THE UNDERWEAR**



TRADE  
MARK

The production of "Pesco" Underwear being seriously curtailed by restrictions on the consumption of Wool, and War Contracts, this Autumn's "Pesco" supplies must necessarily fall short of requirements.

Patrons are therefore asked to make reasonable allowance for any inconvenience experienced, and to realise that everything the Makers are permitted to do to supply the civilian demand is eagerly being done.

Book your order early with an accredited "Pesco" Agent. Names of "Pesco" Agents (from whom alone "Pesco" can be obtained this Autumn) will be supplied on application to

**PETER SCOTT & Co. Ltd**  
(Dept. 42),  
**HAWICK, SCOTLAND**

"Pesco" is the All-Wool Underwear of guaranteed purity.

When buying "Pesco" look for the Trade Mark. None genuine without it.

**BIBLES AND  
PRAYER BOOKS  
For PRIZES, &c.**

**The London Bible Warehouse,  
22, Paternoster Row, E.C.**

Have the Largest and best Selection in London. We specialise in Bibles, Prayer Books, Church Services, etc., for Clergy, Congregation, and the Children.

Please write, phone, or call. List sent post free. TELEPHONE: CENTRAL 390.

**FURNITURE for  
Cash**

The best Stock of Furniture in London  
at **LOWEST PRICES**  
for Excellence of Quality and Design

**Wm. SPRIGGS & Co. Ltd** 238-241 Tottenham Court Rd W1

**GIFTS**

**T**HE Gift Departments of Boots The Chemists solve the Present Problem for thousands of people who desire to give generously, yet without extravagance.

555 BRANCHES  
THE

**Boots**  
CHEMISTS

THROUGHOUT  
COUNTRY

FOR NATIONAL SERVICE

Boots Pure Drug Co. Ltd.

*To the Citizens of Britain—*

**BURN  
LESS FUEL!**

**We are short of all kinds of fuel**

—not merely of coal but of oil and gas also.

That is a fact which you must take to heart.

The Government have asked you to economise in coal consumption and to use gas rather than coal—but they have also asked you to

**be economical in your use of gas**

for lighting, heating, water-heating, and cooking.

The supply of gas is temporarily limited. It is not possible to enlarge gas works to any extent during the war, and the output of many existing works is restricted by shortage of labour and materials; while—on account of the increased demand for gas for munition works, and of the unprecedented growth in its use for industrial and domestic purposes (caused partly by the loyal response to the Government appeal to use gas instead of coal)—the supply of

**gas will run short this winter**

for War Needs—which must come before Home Needs—unless every one exercises the strictest economy in its use.

*The British Commercial Gas Association,  
47, Victoria Street, Westminster, S.W. 1.*



"We would like to see this little book printed in millions of copies at the national expense and carried into every household in this country."—*The Spectator*, October 20th.

# AMERICA AND FREEDOM

being the Statements of

## PRESIDENT WILSON

on the War,

With a Preface by

## The Rt. Hon. VISCOUNT GREY

(Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs 1906-16)



Price 1s. net.

Post free 1s. 2d.

London:

THE ATHENÆUM LITERATURE DEPT.

10 Adelphi Terrace, W.C. 2,

and

GEORGE ALLEN AND UNWIN LTD.

Ruskin House, 40 Museum Street,  
W.C. 1.

*Second edition now ready*

# A Century of British Foreign Policy

BY

G. P. GOOCH, M.A.

AND

THE REV. CANON

J. H. B. MASTERMAN, M.A.

Crown 8vo. Cloth.

*Price 2/6 net. Post free 2/8*

The two Essays contained in this volume were written at the suggestion of the Council for the study of International Relations. It was felt that there was considerable need for a concise treatment of British Foreign Policy during the last century. Mr. Gooch and Canon Masterman have supplied this need. The book will be found of value to all who desire to understand the development of British Foreign Relations.

### SOME PRESS OPINIONS:

"'A Century of British Foreign Policy' is an admirable little book—concise, well arranged, well combined."—*The Nation*.

"War, however, has brought a revulsion in feeling; and there will be a general welcome for the little book of only just over 100 pages in which Mr. Gooch and Canon Masterman undertake to enlighten the ignorance of the British public, and to show how simple and straightforward in its broad lines has been British foreign policy in the last hundred years."—*The Times Literary Supplement*.

"In this the authors set before us in simple style and with admirable clearness of exposition the main motives and intentions of British statesmen for the last century and a-half."—W. L. COURTNEY in *The Daily Telegraph*.

"Mr. G. P. Gooch and Canon J. H. B. Masterman have done a useful piece of work in writing 'A Century of British Foreign Policy.' One may differ from some of the judgments of the authors—though they are unusually fair-minded—but as a brief survey of important events their book is admirable."—*Daily News and Leader*.

"This little book should be particularly useful for refreshing the memory of readers who are fairly familiar with the general history of the period covered."—*The Guardian*.

"Both authors have the historic instinct, and have won reputations as historians."—*Sheffield Telegraph*.

"... this grave, thorough, and impartial review of the currents of foreign policy which have brought us to the World-War."—*Plymouth Western Mercury*.

Published for the COUNCIL for the STUDY of INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS  
BY

GEORGE ALLEN & UNWIN Ltd.  
RUSKIN HOUSE, 40, MUSEUM STREET, W.C. 1

